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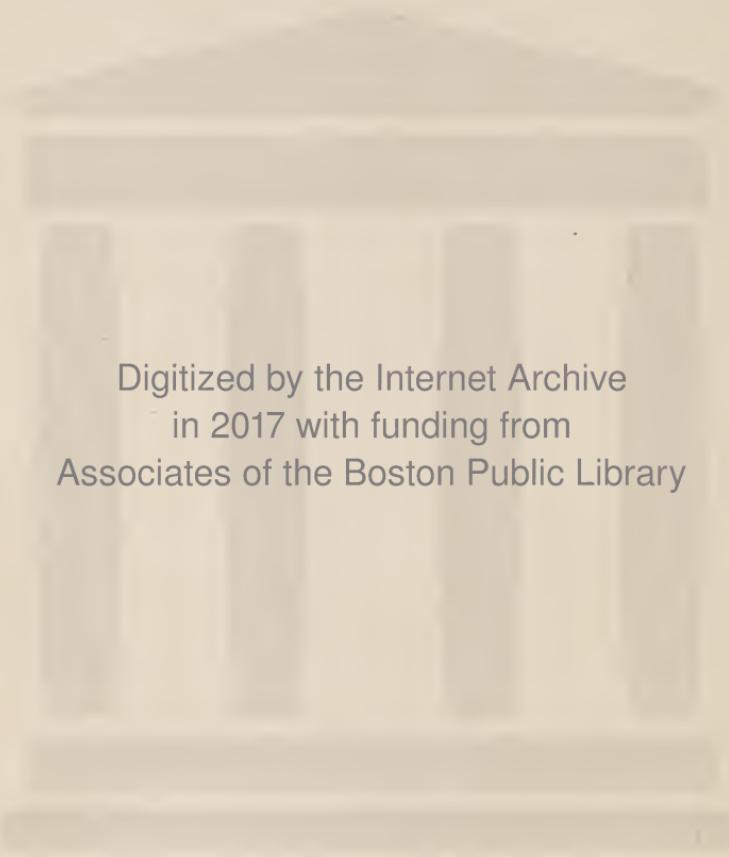
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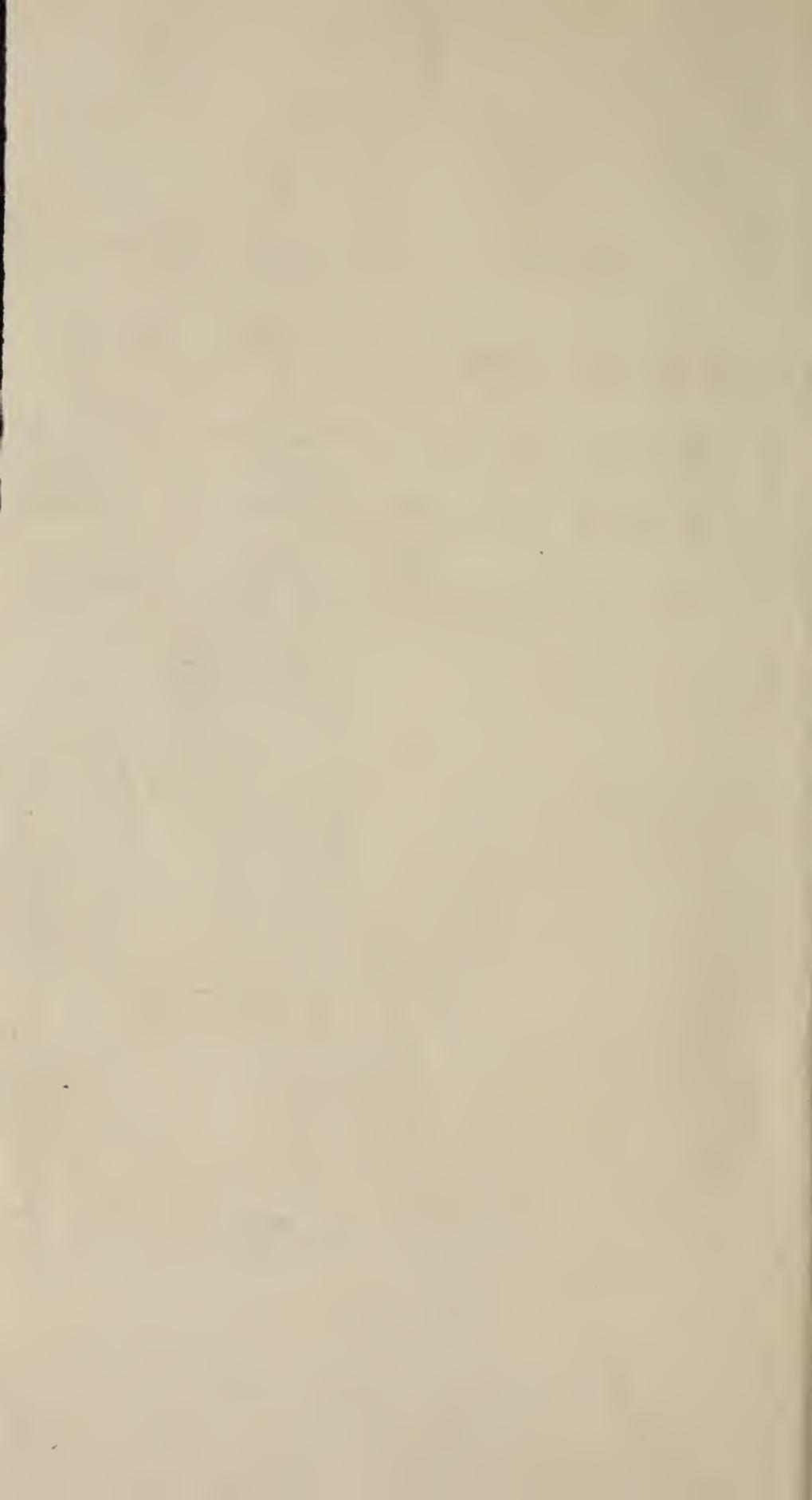


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Lemire died at L'Assomption
Nov. 20 A. 1773; but this play,
though pub'd in 1774, was
put to the press in his lifetime.
See "Biographia Dramatica"

J.S.B.

Boston Public Library

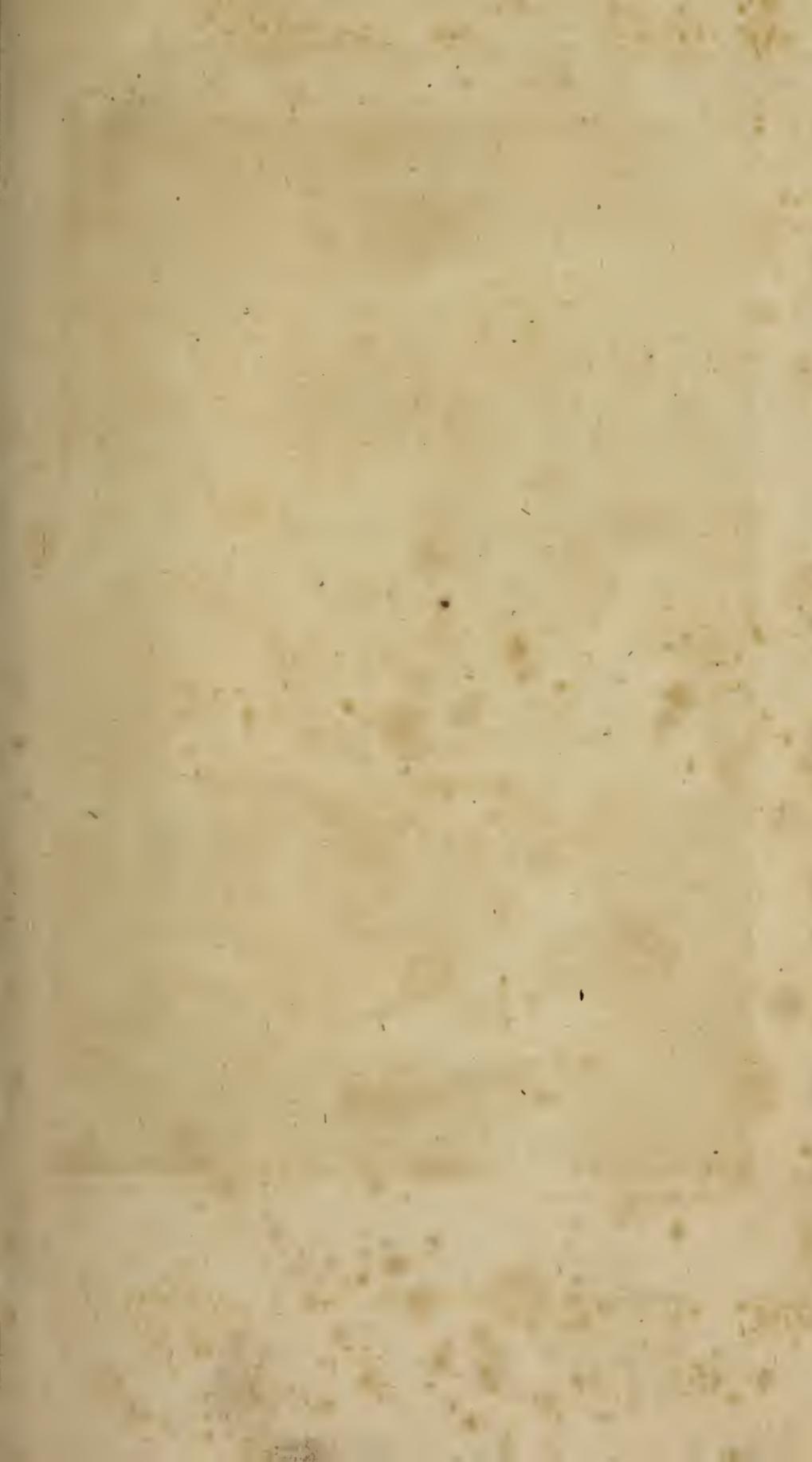


J U L I U S C A Æ S A R,

A.

T R A G E D Y.

次の如きの事は



Act 4. JULIUS CÆSAR.

Scene 10.



F. Hayman, delin.

W. H. Ryland, sculp.

JULIUS CÆSAR,

A TRAGEDY.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

COLLATED WITH

THE OLD AND MODERN EDITIONS.

(By Charles Jennens).



LONDON,

PRINTED BY W. BOWYER AND J. NICHOLS:
AND SOLD BY W. OWEN, BETWEEN THE
TEMPLE-GATES, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCLXXIV.

151,406

May, 1873.

Dupl. No. 3 in 2596, 16.2

J U L I U S CÆS A R,

A T R A G E D Y.

E D I T I O N S C O L L A T E D :

The * Folio's, and Modern Editions.

* There appears to have been no Edition of this Play older than the first Folio.

ILITUS CEBAVR

ALLEGORICAL

CHARACTERISTICS

OF THE EARTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Julius Cæsar,</i>		{ A& I. Sc. 2, 4. A& II. Sc. 4. A& III. Sc. 1, 2, 3.
<i>Ostavius Cæsar,</i>		{ A& IV. Sc. 1. A& V. Sc. 1, 5.
<i>Mark Antony,</i>		A& I. Sc. 2, 4. A& III. Sc. 1, 2. A&
<i>M. Æmil. Lepidus,</i>	Triumvirs after the death of <i>Cæsar,</i>	IV. Sc. 1. A& V. Sc. 1, 4, 5. A& III. Sc. 1, 5. A& IV. Sc. 1.
<i>Cicero,</i>		{ A& I. Sc. 2, 4, 6.
<i>Publius,</i>		A& II. Sc. 4.
<i>Popilius Lena,</i>	Senators,	{ A& III. Sc. 1, 2.
<i>Brutus,</i>		{ A& I. Sc. 2, 3, 4, 5. A& II. Sc. 1, 2, 3, 4. A& III. Sc. 1, 2, 3. A& IV. Sc. 2, 3. A& V. Sc. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
<i>Cassius,</i>		A& I. Sc. 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8. A& II. Sc. 2, 3. A& III. Sc. 1, 2, 3. A& IV. Sc. 2, 3. A& V. Sc. 1, 3.
^b <i>Casca,</i>	Conspirators against <i>Cæsar,</i>	A& I. Sc. 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. A& II. Sc. 2, 4. A& III. Sc. 1, 2.
<i>Cinna,</i>		A& I. Sc. 8. A& II. Sc. 2, 4. A& III. Sc. 1, 2.
^c <i>Decius Brutus,</i>		A& I. Sc. 2, 4. A& II. Sc. 2, 4. A&
<i>MetellusCimber,</i>		III. Sc. 1, 2.
<i>Trebonius,</i>		A& II. Sc. 2, 4. A& III. Sc. 1, 2.
<i>Ligarius,</i>		A& II. Sc. 2, 4. A& III. Sc. 1, 2. A& II. Sc. 3, 4.
<i>Flavius,</i>	Tribunes,	{ A& I. Sc. 1, 2.
^d <i>Marullus,</i>		A& I. Sc. 1, 2.
A Soothsayer,		{ A& I. Sc. 2, 4. A& II. Sc. 6. A& III. Sc. 1, 2.
<i>Artemidorus, a Sophist,</i>		A& II. Sc. 5. A& III. Sc. 1, 2.
<i>Cinna, a Poet,</i>		A& III. Sc. 4.
Another Poet,		A& IV. Sc. 3.

^b The fo's and R. spell this name *Cafka*.

^c H. calls him *Decimus Brutus*; *Plutarch* Δέκιμος Βρύτος, which in H. Stephens's Latin and in Dacier's French translation is render'd *Decius Brutus*.

^d The fo's, R. P. and G. call this name *Murellus*; which T. first alter'd to *Ma-*
rellus, upon the authority of *Plutarch*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Lucilius,</i>	Friends to <i>Brutus</i> and <i>Cassius.</i>	Act IV. Sc. 2, 3.
<i>Titinius,</i>		Act IV. Sc. 2, 3.
<i>Messala,</i>		Act V. Sc. 1, 3.
<i>Young Cato,</i>		Act V. Sc. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
<i>Volumnius,</i>		Act V. Sc. 3, 4.
<i>Lucius,</i>	Servants to <i>Brutus</i> ,	Act V. Sc. 3, 5.
<i>Varro,</i>		Act II. Sc. 1, 3, 6.
<i>Claudius,</i>		Act IV. Sc. 3.
<i>Clitus,</i>		Act IV. Sc. 3.
<i>Dardanius,</i>		Act V. Sc. 5.
<i>Strato, a Grecian,</i>		Act V. Sc. 5.
<i>Pindarus, Servant to Cassius,</i>		Act IV. Sc. 2.
<i>Servant to Cæsar,</i>		Act V. Sc. 3.
<i>Servant to Antony,</i>		Act II. Sc. 4.
<i>Servant to Octavius,</i>		Act III. Sc. 2, 3.
<i>A Carpenter,</i>		Act I. Sc. 1.
<i>A Cobler.</i>		Act I. Sc. 1.
<i>Other Commoners,</i>		Act I. Sc. 1.
<i>A Messenger,</i>		Act III. Sc. 3, 4.
<i>Two Soldiers,</i>		Act V. Sc. 1.
<i>Calphurnia, Wife to Cæsar,</i>		Act I. Sc. 2, 4.
<i>Portia, Wife to Brutus,</i>		Act II. Sc. 4.
<i>Ghost of Julius Cæsar,</i>		Act IV. Sc. 2.

¶ J. Percey.

A SKETCH

A

S K E T C H

O F

T H E P L A Y,

A C T I.

Sc. I. ROME. A street. Enter *Flav.* *Mar.* a Carpenter, a Cobler, and certain other Commoners. *Flav.* and *Mar.* enquire of the Commoners, why they are got together in their best apparel, and without the signs of their trades, which they ought not, unless on a holiday. They answer, that they make holiday to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his triumph. *Flav.* and *Mar.* persuade them to disperse, and go home. Exeunt Commoners. *Flav.* and *Mar.* agree to disrobe the images they shall find decked with trophies on *Cæsar's* account. Exeunt.

Sc. II. Enter *Cæsar*, *Ant.* for the Course, *Calph.* *Por.* *Dec.* *Cic.* *Bru.* *Cas.* *Casc.* a Soothsayer; after them *Mar.* and *Flav.* *Cæs.* bids *Ant.* touch *Calph.* in the Course; it being an opinion that the barren, so touched, would become fruitful. The Soothsayer

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

sayer calls out upon *Cæs.* to beware the ides of March. *Cæs.* calls him a dreamer, and disregards his caution. *Exeunt.*

Sc. III. Manent *Bru.* and *Cas.* *Cas.* hints to *Bru.* the growing greatness of *Cæs.* and the approaching slavery of the *Romans*. Shout within. *Bru.* expresses his fear that the people are choosing *Cæs.* for their king.

Sc. IV. Enter *Cæs.* and his train. *Cæs.* tells *Ant.* he would choose to have such men about him who are fat, sleek-headed, and who sleep o' nights: and hints that *Cas.* and such sort of men, who are lean, and think much, are dangerous. *Exeunt Cæs.* and his train.

Sc. V. Manent *Bru.* *Cas.* and *Cafc.* The last informs the other two, that the crown had thrice been offered *Cæs.* which he has often refused, and that this had been the occasion of the people's shouting. *Exeunt Cas.* and *Bru.* *Cas.* intends at night to throw in at *Bru.*'s window, papers written in different hands, tending to express the great opinion the *Romans* have of *Bru.* *Exit.*

Sc. VI. Thunder and lightning. Enter from opposite sides, *Cic.* and *Cafc.* with his sword drawn. Talk of the dreadfulness of the night, and portentous prodigies that had appeared. That *Cæs.* is to go to the Capitol on the morrow. *Exit Cic.*

Sc. VII. To *Cafc.* enter *Cas.* *Cafc.* informs *Cas.* that it is reported the Senators intend on the morrow to establish *Cæs.* as a king. *Cas.* discloses to *Cafc.* a conspiracy that he had formed with others against *Cæs.* into which *Cafc.* readily enters.

Sc. VIII.

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

Sc. VIII. To them enter *Cin.* who tells *Cæs.* that the Conspirators are waiting for him at *Pompey's* porch. *Cæs.* hopes to make *Bru.* of their party. Exeunt.

A C T II.

Sc. I. *Brutus's* Garden. Enter *Bru.* who calls and awakens *Luc.* Enter *Luc.* whom *Bru.* orders to light a taper in his study. Exit *Luc.* *Bru.* in a soliloquy resolves that, for the welfare of *Rome*, *Cæs.* must die. Enter *Luc.* who gives *Bru.* a letter he had found in the study. Exit *Luc.* *Bru.* reads the letter, which is written to stir up *Bru.* against *Cæs.* Enter *Luc.* who brings word that *Cæs.* and others muffled up are at the door. *Bru.* orders them to be admitted. Exit *Luc.*

Sc. II. To *Bru.* enter *Cæs.* *Cæc.* *Dec.* *Cin.* *Met.* and *Treb.* They determine to assassinate *Cæs.* A proposal is made to cut off *M. Ant.* also, which is over-ruled by *Cæs.* It is proposed to engage *C. Lig.* in the conspiracy, for which purpose *Met.* is desired to call on him, and send him to *Bru.* Exeunt all but *Bru.*

Sc. III. To *Bru.* enter *Por.* who, from the unwonted gloominess and irregularity of *Bru.*'s behaviour, suspects some hidden grief to lie upon his mind; and conjures him to impart it to her; adding, that although she is a woman, yet being the daughter of *Cato* and wife of *Bru.* she is able to keep a secret; and that, to prove her patience and constancy, she had

given

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

given herself a wound in the thigh. Knocking within. *Bru.* bids *Por.* retire, and promises to unfold to her all the secrets of his heart. Exit *Por.* Enter *Luc.* bringing in *Lig.* who is sick. Exit *Luc.* *Lig.* declares that (though sick) if *Bru.* have any honourable exploit in hand, he is ready to engage in it. *Bru.* tells him, he will open the business to him, as they walk. Exeunt.

Sc. IV. *Cæsar's* palace. Thunder and lightning. Enter *Æ. Cæs.* in his night-gown. *Cal.*'s disturbed sleep. Enter a Servant, whom *Cæs.* sends to the priests to bid them do sacrifice. Enter *Cal.* who, from the prodigies that had appeared, endeavours to dissuade *Cæs.* from going to the capitol. Enter Servant, who brings word that the augurs, plucking forth the entrails of an offering, found no heart in the beast, and advise *Cæs.* not to go to the capitol. *Cæs.* notwithstanding these prodigies, from the principle of courage, maintains his determination of going; till, farther conjured by *Cal.* he at length consents that *M. Ant.* shall make his excuse to the Senate for not attending them. Enter *Dec.* whom *Cæs.* informs of his having been persuaded by *Cal.* on account of a frightful dream she had, not to go to the capitol. But *Dec.* by giving a fortunate interpretation of the dream, and informing *Cæs.* that the Senate have concluded to present him with a crown, induces him to go. Enter *Bru.* *Lig.* and *Cæs.* *Treb.* *Cin.* and *Pub.* and soon after *Ant.* as to attend him to the capitol. *Cæs.* invites them to drink some wine with him before they go. Exeunt.

Sc. V.

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

Sc. V. The street. Enter *Artemid.* reading a paper of his own writing, wherein he bids *Cæs.* beware of the conspirators, and inserts their names. This paper he intends to give *Cæs.* as he passes to the capitol.
Exit.

Sc. VI. Enter *Por.* and *Luc.* and a while after a Soothsayer, who intends to caution *Cæs.* as he passes to the capitol. This scene exhibits the terror of *Por.* on account of the approaching attempt, and her anxiety for the success of it.

A C T III.

Sc. I. The street near the capitol. Flourish. Enter *Cæs.* *Bru.* *Caf.* *Casc.* *Dec.* *Met.* *Treb.* *Cin.* *Ant.* *Lep.* *Art.* *Pop.* and Soothsayer. *Cæs.* tells the Soothsayer that the ides of March are come; to which the Soothsayer answers, Ay, but not gone. *Art.* and *Dec.* offer papers to *Cæs.* to read; *Art.* bids *Cæs.* not to delay reading his, as it nearly concerns himself (*Cæs.*) *Cæs.* answers that what regards himself shall be last considered. *Caf.* asks why they urge their petitions in the street, and bids them come to the Capitol. Exeunt.

Sc. II. The capitol. The senate sitting. Enter *Cæs.* and the rest, as in the foregoing Scene. After *Cæs.* has taken his seat, *Met.* goes towards him, and being followed by the conspirators (who range themselves about *Cæs.*) he petitions for the repealing his banished brother *Pub.* *Cimber,* and is backed by
Caf.

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

Cas. *Cin.* and *Dec.* But *Cas.* persisting to reject the petition, the Conspirators stab *Cas.* and cry out, Liberty! &c. Exeunt all but Conspirators. They besmear their arms and swords in *Cas.*'s blood. Enter a servant from *Ant.* to know if his master may with safety speak with the conspirators; and being answered in the affirmative, exit Servant to fetch his master. Enter *Ant.* who apparently enters into league with the Conspirators, and gets permission of them to make an oration in praise of *Cas.* over his dead body in the market-place. Exeunt all but *Ant.* Enter *Octavius*'s servant, with advice that his master is on the way to *Rome*. Exeunt, with the body of *Cas.*

Sc. III. The Forum. Enter *Bru.* *Cas.* and the Plebeians. The Plebeians are clamorous for satisfaction about the murder of *Cas.* *Bru.* promises to give them good reasons for the deed, provided they will give him audience; and bids *Cas.* go into the other street, and harangue, that so the numbers may be parted. Exit *Cas.* with some of the Plebeians. *Bru.* goes into the pulpit, and tells them that *Cas.* was cut off for his ambition, and that the liberties of the people might be preserved. The Plebeians applaud *Bru.* and are for carrying him home in triumph to his house; but he persuades them to stay and hear the funeral oration on *Cas.* to be spoken by *Ant.* who enters with the body. Exit *Bru.* *Ant.* by his artful speech stirs the Plebeians to love and pity for *Cas.* and hatred and rage against the Conspirators. Exeunt Plebeians, to burn *Cas.*'s body, and with a resolution to set fire to the houses of the Conspirators.

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

tors. Enter a Servant, who brings *Ant.* word that *Oṣ.* is already come to *Rome*; and that *Bru.* and *Cas.* were seen to ride like madmen through the gates. Exeunt.

Sc. IV. A street. Enter *Cin.* the poet, and after him the Plebeians, who enquire his name, place of abode, &c. He tells them his name is *Cinna*, but that he is not *Cinna* the conspirator, but *Cinna* the poet. Nevertheless, as his name is *Cinna*, they determine to tear him to pieces. Exeunt.

A C T IV.

Sc. I. Enter *Ant.* *Oṣ.* and *Lep.* They agree to proscribe and cut off certain enemies to their cause. *Ant.* proposes to reduce some legacies in *Cas.*'s will, and sends *Lep.* to *Cas.*'s house for the will. Exit *Lep.* *Ant.*'s slight opinion of *Lep.* As *Bru.* and *Cas.* are levying powers, *Ant.* is for making immediate preparations against them. Exeunt.

Sc. II. In the camp near *Sardis*; before *Bru.*'s tent. Enter *Bru.* *Lucil.* *Tit.* *Pin.* and Soldiers. *Pin.* comes to present salutations to *Bru.* from *Cas.* who is at hand. March. Enter *Cas.* He and *Bru.* begin to altercation; but *Bru.* objecting to their falling out in the presence of the soldiers, they withdraw to the inside of the tent. Exeunt.

Sc. III. Within the tent. Enter *Bru.* and *Cas.* Their altercation and reconciliation. Hearing the high words between them, enter a poet, who reprehends them; but is turn'd out. Enter *Lucil.* and *Tit.*
who

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

who receive orders to fetch *Mef.* *Bru.* acquaints *Cas.* that *Portia* is dead, by swallowing fire. Enter *Luc.* with wine and tapers. *Bru.* in token of reconciliation, drinks to *Cas.* and is pledged by him. Enter *Tit.* and *Mef.* Letters are arrived, which advise that a great number of the senators are put to death, *Cicero* being one; and that *Oet.* and *Ant.* are coming with a mighty power and great expedition towards *Philippi*. It is agreed that *Bru.*'s army meet them there. Exit *Luc.* to fetch *Bru.*'s gown. Exeunt *Cas.* *Tit.* and *Mef.* bidding *Bru.* Good night. Enter *Luc.* with the gown. *Bru.* orders him to call *Clau.* and some other of his men, to sleep in the tent upon cushions. Enter *Var.* and *Clau.* who retire to sleep. *Luc.* playing on an instrument of music, falls asleep. *Bru.* reads. Enter the Ghost of *Cæs.* who tells *Bru.* that he shall see him again at *Philippi*. Ghost vanishes. *Bru.* wakes *Luc.* *Var.* and *Clau.* and sends the two last to *Cas.* to bid him march forwards with his troops. Exeunt.

A C T V.

Sc. I. The plains of *Philippi*. Enter *Oet.* *Ant.* and their army. To them enter a Messenger with advice that *Bru.*'s army is approaching. Enter *Bru.* *Cas.* and their army, *Luc.* *Tit.* *Mef.* and others attending. Parley between the two parties. Exeunt *Oet.* *Ant.* and their army, as for the engagement. Farewel between *Bru.* and *Cas.* at their parting to command their several troops. Exeunt.

Sc. II.

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

Sc. II. The field of battle. Alarums of a battle join'd. Enter *Bru.* and *Mes.* *Bru.* perceiving advantage to lie against *Oet.*'s wing, sends *Mes.* with orders for a sudden attack. *Exeunt.*

Sc. III. Another part of the field. Alaruims. Enter *Cas.* and *Tit.* *Cas.*'s troops are worsted, and fly. *Tit.* is of opinion that *Bru.* too eagerly took the advantage *Oet.*'s troops had given, and gave the word too soon. Enter *Pin.* who brings word that *Ant.*'s troops have broke into *Cas.*'s tents, and begs him to fly. *Cas.* sends *Tit.* to see whether certain troops at a distance are friends or enemies. Exit *Tit.* *Cas.* bids *Pin.* go to the top of a hill, and observe what passes in the field. *Pin.* ascends the hill, and from thence tells *Cas.* that he perceives *Tit.* enclosed with horsemen, and that he is taken by them. Enter *Pin.* whom *Cas.* in a fit of despair, commands to kill him. *Pin.* obeys. *Cas.* dies. Exit *Pin.* Enter *Tit.* and *Mes.* It appears that *Oet.* is beaten by *Bru.* as *Cas.* is by *Ant.* Seeking *Cas.* to communicate these tidings to him, they find him dead; and judge that, mistaking the horsemen *Tit.* was surrounded with (and who were friends), for enemies who had taken *Tit.* he had put an end to his life. *Tit.* after having crowned the dead *Cas.* with a wreath of victory which *Bru.* had sent to him, kills himself. Enter *Bru.* *Mes.* young *Cato*, *Strato*, *Vol.* and *Lucil.* They find the dead bodies, and lament over them; but determine to try their fortune in a second engagement.

Sc. IV. Another part of the field. Alarum. Enter, fighting, soldiers of both armies; then *Bru.* *Mes.* *Cato,*

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

and *Lucil.* *Cato* charges the retiring enemy in one part, *Bru.* in another: the party charged by *Cato* rallies, and *Cato* falls. *Lucil.* is taken prisoner. Enter *Ant.* who gives orders that *Lucil.* be kept safe; and that search be made for *Bru.*

Sc. V. Another part of the field. Enter *Bru.* *Dar.* *Cli.* *Stra.* and *Vol.* *Bru.* finding himself conquered, determines to put an end to his life, and for that purpose begs the assistance of *Cli.* *Dar.* and *Vol.* who deny his request. Alarums. A cry within, "Fly, fly, fly." *Bru.* takes leave of his friends, who exeunt as flying. *Bru.* bids *Stra.* hold his sword while he runs on it. *Stra.* obeys. *Bru.* dies. Alarums. Retreat. Enter *Oet.* *Ant.* and their army, *Lucil.* and *Mes.* They find the body of *Bru.* and *Stra.* acquaints them how he died. *Ant.* praises *Bru.* as the worthiest of all the conspirators; who, while the rest conspired against *Cæs.* for envy, had merely an intention for the general good. *Oet.* orders that his body be treated with all respect and rites of burial, and be, for the night, laid in his (*Oet.*'s) tent. Exeunt omnes.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

^a Rome. ^b A Street.

^c Enter Flavius, Marullus, ^d a Carpenter, ^d a Cobler, and certain other Commoners.

Flavius.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home!
Is this a holy-day? What, know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade are thou?

Carp. Why Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

^a Rome first inserted by R.

^b A street first added by T.

^c C directs, Enter a rabble of citizens;

Flavius and Murellus, driving them.

^d These two characters not particu-

larly mentioned, in the entrance, by

the editions before.

Cob. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but as you would say, a cobler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad ^c foals.

^f *Mar.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

^g *Mar.* What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou fawcy fellow?

Cob. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, sir, all that I live by is ^b with the awl: I meddle with no ⁱ tradesman's matters, nor ^k women's ^l matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I ^m re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

^e First and 2d fo's, *soules*; 3d, *souls*.

^f All but *C.* give this speech to *Flavi-*

us.

^g *T. H.* and *W.* give this speech to *Flavi-*

^h All but fo's omit *with*.

ⁱ For *tradesman's* *H.* reads *man's*; *W.* *tradesmen's.*

^k So the first *f.* and *C.*; the rest, *wom-*

an's.

^l All the editions before *C.* read and stop thus, *matters*; but *withal*, (*with-*
all or *with-all*) *I am*, &c. *C.* thus,
matters; but *with all*. *I am*, &c.

^m The fo's, *R. T.* and *J.* recover for

re-cover.

Cob.

Cob. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself
into more work.

But indeed, sir, we make holy-day to see *Cæsar*, and to re-
joice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of *Rome*,
Knew you not *Pompey*? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* pass the streets of *Rome*:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath ⁿ his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in ⁿ his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out ^o a holy-day?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes ^p in triumph over *Pompey's* blood?
Be gone—
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

ⁿ The fo's, ber for his.

rest, -an for a,

^o So the three first fo's and C; the

^p After comes H. inserts to Rome.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for ^a this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to ^b Tyber's banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream,
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [^c *Exeunt Commoners.*
See ^d whe'r their basest ^e metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ^f ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of *Lupercal.*

Flav. ^g It is no matter, let ^h no images
Be hung with *Cæsar's* trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluckt from *Cæsar's* wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would ⁱ soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt b severally.*

^a T.'s duodecimo, *W.* and *J.* that for
this.

^b T.'s duodecimo, *H.* *W.* and *J.*
Tyber's.

^c So the fo's and *C*; the rest, *bank.*

^d The fo's, [*Exeunt all the common-*
ers.

^e The fo's, *R.* and *P.* *where;* *T.* *W.*
and *J.* *where;* but *wbe'r*, as *H.* and
C. read, is the most proper abbreviation
of *whether*, the word here

^f All but *J.* and *C.* *mettle.*

^g *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments.
Thus afterwards he explains them by
Cæsar's trophies; i. e. such as he had de-
dicated to the gods. *W.*

^h 'Tis for *It is.*

ⁱ Second f. *on* for *no.*

^a Two last fo's, *fore.*

^b *severally* first added by *T.* but omit-
ted again by *C.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer; after them Marullus and Flavius.

Cæs. Calphurnia.

Cæs. Peace ho! Cæsar speaks ^c.

Cæs. Calphurnia.

Calp. Here, my lord.

*Cæs. Stand you directly in ^f Antonio's way,
When he doth tun his course.—^f Antonio.*

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

*Cæs. Forget not in your speed, ^f Antonio,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterl ^g curse.*

Ant. I shall remember.

When Cæsar says, Do this, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out ^h.

^c C describes the scene, A public place; and directs, Enter, in solemn procession, with music, &c. Cæsar, Antony, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, &c. a great crowd following; Soothsayer in the crowd.

^d None after P. directs Marullus and Flavius to enter.

^e Here C. directs [Music ceaseth.]

^f P. alters Antonio's to Antonius', and Antonio to Antonius; and is followed by all but C. But why might not Shakespeare make use of the Italian as well as the Latin name?

^g So the fo's, T. W. J. and C; the rest, curse for curse.

^h Here C. directs [Music; and the procession moves.]

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Cæs. Bid every noise be still;—Peace yet again¹.

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry, Cæsar: Speak, *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear,

Sooth. Beware the ides of *March*,

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A foorthsayer bids you beware the ides of *March*.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

^k *Cæs.* Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again,

Sooth. Beware the ides of *March*.

Cæs. He is a dreamer, let us leave him: Pass.

[¹ *Sennet, Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Manent Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you do.

Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in *Antony*:

ⁱ Here *C.* directs [Music ceases.]

the rest omit *Sennet*. *J.* says here, that

^k *J.* gives this speech to *Casca*.

Sennet appears to be a particular tune or

^l So the three first fo's and *J.*; the mode of martial music.

4th f. *Senate*; *C. Myfick*, for *Sennet*;

Let

Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And shew of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your ^m friend that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius*,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my ⁿ behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
(Among which number, *Cassius*, be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you see your face?

Bru. No, *Cassius*; for the eye sees not ^o itself,
But by reflection, ^p by some other things.

^m So the 1st f. *T. H. W. J.* and *C*; *barissur*,
the 2d and 3d f. *friends that loves you*; ⁿ The three last fo's, *bimself for it-*
the 4th f. R. and P. friends that love self.

^p So the fo's, *R. and C*; the rest read
ⁿ So the fo's, *J. and C*; the rest, *be-* *few for by*.

Cas.

Cas. 'Tis just :
 And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
 That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard
 Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,
 Except immortal *Cæsar*, speaking of *Brutus*,
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
 Have wish'd that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*?
 That you would have me seek into myself
 For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear :
 And since you know you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself
 That of yourself which ^a yet you know not of,
 And be not jealous ^b on me, gentle *Brutus* ;
 Were I a common ^c laugher, or did use
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protester ; if you know
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

^a The two first fo's, *you yet for yet*
you.

^b So the fo's ; the rest, *of for on*.

^c The fo's and R.'s octavo read *laugher*, which Mr. *Seward*, in his notes on *Beaumont and Fletcher*, (Note 10 of the *Faithful Shepherdess*) thinks a stronger word to express a low buffoon than *laugher*. "But (says *Heath* in loc.) he

seems to have misunderstood the drift of the poet ; a low buffoon, who is commonly laughed at, is not the idea he intended, but one who, without regard to friendship or any other consideration, abuses the indulgent confidence of his friends, in order to expose them to the laughter of the first company he comes into."

And after scandal them; or if you know,
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [^a *Shout within.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Chuse *Cæsar* for their king.

Caf. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, *Cassius*; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on ^w both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour, more than I fear death.

Caf. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but ^x for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

^a The three last fo's omit *myself*.

W. in loc. *Upton's Critical Observa-*

^b All but *C.* direct [*Flourish and*
burst.] *W.* in loc. *Upton's Critical Observa-*

tions, 2d edit. p. 314; and *Heath's*

Revival in loc.

^w *T. H. W.* and *J.* read *death* for
life. This is *W.*'s emendation. See

^x The three last fo's omit *for.*

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled *Tyber*^y chafing with ^z his shores,
Cæsar^a said to me, Dar'st thou, *Cassius*, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point? Upon the word,
b Accoutréed as I was, I plunged in,
And ^c bad him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd; and ^d we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy:
^e But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, Help me, *Cassius*, or I sink.
I, as *Aeneas*, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his shoulder
The old *ANCHISES* bear, so, from the waves of *Tyber*,
Did I the tired *Cæsar*: And this man
Is now become a god; and *Cassius* is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.
He had a ^f fever when he was in *Spain*,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; 'tis true this god did shake,
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,

^y The 2d and 3d fo's, *chafing*.

^c P.'s duodecimo, *T. W.* and *J.* bid

^z The fo's read *her* for *his*.

for *bad*.

^a All but first f. and *C. says* for
said.

^d 's duodecimo, *be* for *we*.

^b The three last fo's, *Accounted* for
Accoutréed.

^e R.'s octavo reads, *But e'er we could*

^f Second f. *feaver*.

Did ^g lose ^h his lustre; I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bad the *Romans*
 Mark him, and ⁱ write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry'd, Give me some drink, *Titinius*,
 As a sick girl. Ye gods it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

[^k *Shout.*

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

Caf. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a *Colossus*; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at ^l some time are masters of their fates;
 The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and *Cæsar*:—What should be in that *Cæsar*?
 Why should that name be founded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with ^m 'em ⁿ,

^g The three first fo's, *loose*.

^l So the fo's and *C*; the rest, *some*

^h So all before *P*; he and all after,

times.

ⁱ *writ* for *bis*.

^m *C. them* for *'em*.

^j The two last fo's, *writ* for *writ*.

ⁿ The two last fo's add *man* after

^k All editions but *C.* to *Shout* add *'em*.

Flourish.

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*. — 1° Shout;
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shan'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
 That her wide ^P walls incompart but one man?
 Now is it *Rome* indeed, and room enough
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
 Th' ^r eternal devil to keep his state in *Rome*,
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous
 What ^s you would work me to, I have some aim;
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might intreat you,
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said

o It is said in the fifth scene that the people shouted thrice; but we have no direction in any edition for any more than two shouts: This seems the most proper place for the third shout, which I look upon to be the occasion of the sudden apostrophe, *Now in the names of all the gods, &c.*

p The fo's, walks for walls.

q P. and H. omit the two following lines in their text, but preserve them in the margin.

r J. thinks that our author wrote rather, *infernal devil*.

s R.'s octavo, *would you for you would.*

t The fo's, R. and P. point as follows, *I would not so (with love I might intreat you) &c.*

I will

I will consider ; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear ; and find a time
^w Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of *Rome*,
 Under ^w such hard conditions, as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and *Cæsar* is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck *Cæsa* by the sleeve,
 And he will, after his four fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so.—But look you, *Cassius*,
 The angry spot doth ^x glow on *Cæsar's* brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and *Cicero*
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
 As we have seen him in the capitol
 Being crost in conference ^y by some senators.

^w R. *But* for *Both*.

^w The *so's*, *these* for *such's*.

^x The three last fo's and R.'s *offare*,
 blow for glow.

^y R. P. and H. read *with* for *by*.

Cas.

Cæs. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. ^z Antonio.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,

[^a To Ant. apart.]

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :

^b Yond *Cæsarius* has a lean and hungry look,

He thinks too much ; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, *Cæsar*, he 's not dangerous ;
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter ! but I fear ^c him not ;
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid,
So soon as that spare *Cæsarius*. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays
As thou dost, *Antony* ; he hears no music ;
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
^d Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear ; for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'ft of him.

[^e Exeunt *Cæsar* and his Train.]

^z P. T. H. W. and J. Antonius for
Antonio.

^a This direction first put in by J.

^b C. Yon.

^c The last f. m for him.

^d So the fo's and C; the rest, Whiff.

^e The fo's, Senit. Exeunt, &c.

S C E N E V.

Manent Brutus, Cassius, and Casca.

Cas. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, *Casca*; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That *Cæsar* looks so sad.

Cas. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask *Casca* what had chanc'd.

Cas. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Cas. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

Cas. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Cas. Ay, marry, was 't, and lie put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Cas. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

Cas. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it; It 's was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark*

^f The three last fo's, were for *wants*.

Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still, as he refus'd it, the rabblement ^g hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar*; for he ^h swooned, and fell down at it; and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But soft I pray you; what, did *Cæsar* ⁱ swoon?

Casc. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like, he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, *Cæsar* hath it not, but you and I,
And, honest *Casca*; we have the falling-sickness.

Casc. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure *Cæsar* fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they ^k use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casc. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he plunkt me

^g The three first fo's, booted; the fourth f. R. P. T. and W. booted; H,

^h The fo's, swoonded.

ⁱ The fo's, favound.

^k T. W. and J. used.

ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut; ¹ an I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at ^ma word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cry'd, Alas, good soul! and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had ⁿ stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came thus sad away?

Cas. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Cas. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Cas. Nay, ^o an I tell you that, I 'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But those that understood him sinil'd at one another; and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night; *Casca*?

Cas. No, ^pI am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

¹ The fo's and R. and; P. and H. if
for an. ⁿThe 2d and 3d fo's, stabb'd for

stabb'd.

^mH. bis for a;

^o The fo's and R. and; P. and H. if
for a.

Cæs. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner ^{is} worth the eating.

Cæs. Good; I will expect you.

Cæs. Do so. Farewell both.

[Exit.]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school,

Cæs. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form,
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better ^a appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you^r:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cæs. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[Exit Brutus.]

Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble; yet I see
Thy honourable ^s mettle may be wrought
From ^t that it is dispos'd; therefore ^u'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves *Brutus*.

^p All but the fo's and G. insert le before *worlē*.

^q So the first f. T. W. J. and C; the rest, appetites.

^r C. inserts *Cæsarius* after *you*.

^s The three last fo's, T. H. W. J. and C. metal.

^t P. and all after but H. and C. whist for that.

^u First f. it is for ^vsis.

* If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
 * He should not humour me. I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That *Rome* holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.
 And after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, ^y from opposite Sides, *Cicero*,
 and *Casca*, ^z with his sword drawn ^a.

Cic. Good even, *Casca*; brought you *Cæsar* home?
 Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
 Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*,

w If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

mant and Fletcher, Vol. IV. p. 179. explains this passage differently; viz. Were I in Brutus's case, and as much loved by Cæsar, He [viz. Cæsar] with all his favours, should not humour me out of my principles.

x H. reads, Cæsar should not love me, for, He should not humour me.

y from opposite sides, put in by C.

z with his sword drawn, first added by R.

a T. W. and J. add, mēngg him.

But Mr. Seward in his notes on Beau-

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
 Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
 But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
 Did I go through a ^b tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

Cæs. A common slave (you know him well by sight)
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
 Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besidèς, (I ^c ha' not since put up my sword)
 Against the capitol I met a lion,
 Who ^d glar'd upon me, and went ^e furly by
 Without annoying me. And there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets,
 And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
^f Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
 These are their reasons, they are natural ;

^b The fo's, *Tempest-dropping fire*, . . . be *gaz'd*.

^c C, *bave* for *ba'*.

^e The 2d and 3d fo's, *surely* for *furly*.

^d The fo's and R.'s octavo, *glaz'd*; ^f So *J.* and *C*; the three first fo's, *etc om* which reading *J.* supposes it might *bowling*, the rest, *houting*.

For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Cæsar* to the capitol to-morrow ?

Cæsc. He doth ; for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, *Cæsca* ; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Cæsc. Farewell, *Cicero*.

[Exit Cicero.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Cassius.

Caf. Who 's there ?

Caf. A Roman.

Caf. *Cæsca*, by your voice.

Caf. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this ?

Caf. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Caf. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Caf. Those that have known the earth so full of faults,
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
And thus unbraced, *Cæsca*, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

¶ P. and all after, except *C. Antonio*.

Cæs. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens ?
 It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
 When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cæs. You are dull, *Cæsara*; and those sparks of life
^h That should be in a *Roman*, you do want,
 Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
 And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
 To see the strange impatience of the heavens :
 But if you would consider the true cause,
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
 Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,
 Why old men, fools, and children calculate ;
 Why all these things change from their ordinance,
 Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
 To monstrous quality ; why, you shall find,
 That heaven ⁱ hath infus'd them with these spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear and warning,
 Unto some monstrous state.
 Now could I, *Cæsara*, name ^k to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night ;
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and ^l roars,
 As doth the lion in the capitol ;
 A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
 In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,
 And fearful, as ^m these strange eruptions are.

^h C. *Whicb* for *That*.

ⁱ T. alters *bath* to *bas*; followed by
W; and *T.*

^k C. omits *to*.

^l The three last fo's, *tears* for *roarts*

^m Second fo. *thesfera*.

Cæs. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean; is it not, *Cassius*?

Cas. Let it be who it is: For *Romans* now
Have ⁿ thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;
But woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Cæs. Indeed they ^o say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in *Italy*.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver *Cassius*:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to disinnis itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure ^p.

Cæs. So can I.
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

* The two last fo's read *finews* for *strength*; which is right.

tbeues. P. explains *tbeues* by *manners* or o R.'s octavo omits *say*.

capacities; T. by *muscles*, *finews*, or *bodily* p Here the fo's direct [Thunder fall.]

Cæs. And why should *Cæsar* be a tyrant then ?
 Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees the *Romans* are but sheep ;
 He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws. What trash is *Rome*,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as *Cæsar* ! But, ⁴ oh grief,
 Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman : then I know
 My answer must be made : But I am arm'd
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cæsc. You speak to *Cæsar*, and to such a man,
 That is no flearing tell-tale. Hold my hand :
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs ;
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,
 As who goes farthest.

Cæs. There's a bargain made.
 Now know you, *Cæsara*, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded *Romans*,
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize
 Of honourable dangerous consequence ;
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me
 In *Pompey's* porch : For now, this fearful night,

⁴ C. o.

shall be called to account, and must an-

⁵ My answer must be made.—] I s̄wer as for seditious words. J.

There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the ¹ element
² Is fev'rous, like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Cinna.

Cas. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cas. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gait;
 He is a friend.—*Cinna*, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you. Who's that? *Metellus Cimber*?
Cas. No it is *Casca*; one incorporate
 To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*?
Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night ^u is this!
 There's two or three of us have seen strange fights.
Cas. Am I not stay'd for? ^w tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, ^x if you could but win the noble *Brutus*.
 To our party—
Cas. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this paper,
 And look you lay it in the Praetor's chair,

^s W. elements.

^t For *Is few'rous*, the 1st and 2d fo's read *Is Favors*, the 3d and 4th, *Is Fa-vours*, J. *In favour's*, C. *Is favour'd*. According to these two last editors (as *favour* must here signify *complexion*) we shall read, And the complexion of the ele-

ment in complexion's (or, is complexion'd) like the work, &c.

^u The three last fo's omit *is this*.

^w Between *for?* and *tell C.* inserts *Cinna*.

^x P. alters this to, *could you win*, &c. followed by all the editors after, except J. and C.

Where .

Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
 In at his window; set this up with wax
 Upon old *Brutus'* statue: All this done,
 Repair to *Pompey's* porch, where you shall find us.
 Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All but *Metellus Cimber*; and he's gone
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
 And so bestow these papers as you bad me.

Casf. That done, repair to *Pompey's* theatre. [Exit *Cinna*.
 Come, *Casca*, you and I will, yet ere day,
 See *Brutus* at his house; three parts of him
 Is ours already; and the man entire,
 Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casf. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
 And that which would appear offence in us,
 His countenance, like richest alchymy,
 Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Casf. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
 You have right well conceited. Let us go,
 For it is after midnight; and ere day,
 We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[Exit.]

y H. Are for Is.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

² Brutus's Garden.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. **W**HAT, *Lucius*, ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—*Lucius*, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I say! what, *Lucius*!

Enter *Lucius*.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.

[Exit.]

² The fo's, Enter Brutus in his orchard.

It

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him—that—
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 • Remorse from power : And to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
 I have not known, when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend : So *Cæsar* may :—
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 • Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities :
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 (Which hatch'd, woul'd, as his kind, grow mischievous)
 And kill him in the shell.

^a *Remorse*, for mercy. *W.*—*Remorse*, signifies the conscious uneasiness arising from sense of having done wrong; to extinguish which feeling, nothing hath so great a tendency as absolute uncontroll'd power. *Heath* in loc.

^b The metaphor from the wardrobe, when the excellence of the *fashion* makes out for the defect of the *colour*. *W.*—
 But *Heath* condemns this note of *W.*

and says, The sense is this; Since our quarrel to *Cæsar* will admit of no pretext, if we found it on the character in which he hath hitherto appeared, we must represent it in this light, that if he should augment his power, which is the point he is evidently driving at, he would certainly run into these and these extremities, &c. *Heath* in loc.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir,
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure,
It did not lye there, when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter,*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ^c ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir?

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

** Shall Rome— Speak, strike, redress.*

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake—

*Such instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up.*

** Shall Rome— Thus must I piece it out;*

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive when he was call'd a king.

^c The fo's, R, and P, read *first* for *ides*.—We should read *ides*; For we can never suppose the speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the soothsayer told *Caesar*, in his presence [—Be ware the *ides of March*.] The boy comes back and says, *Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.* So that the morrow was

the *ides of March*, as he supposed. For *March, May, July and October had six nones each*, so that the 15th of *March* was the *ides* of that month. *W.*

^d The fo's read, *Shall Rome, &c. speak, strike, redress.*

^e The fo's, *Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out.*

Speak,

Speak, strike, redress—^f Am I entreated
To speak, and strike?—O Rome, I make ^g thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou ^h receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted ⁱ fourteen days. [Knock within.
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate, somebody knocks.

[^k Exit Luc.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
^j The genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are

^f P. alters thus, *Am I entreated then*, &c. followed by the rest, except J. and C.

^g The 2d and 3d fo's, *the* for *thee*.

^h So the fo's and C; the rest, *re-*
ceiv'ſt.

ⁱ The fo's, R. and P. read *fifteen*
days.—It was wasted but fourteen days;
this was the dawn of the 15th, when
the boy made his report. T.

^k This direction first put in by T.
^l W. says, "Kingdoms, in the Pagan-
theology, besides their *good*, had their
evil geniuſt, likewise; represented
here, with the most daring stretch of
fancy, as sitting in consultation with
the conspirators, whom he calls their
mortal instruments." But Heath says,
By the *genius*, is meant the presiding

" ruling principle in the human mind,
" the *ἱγενεῖον* of the Stoicks, the ra-
" tional and immortal part. By the
" *mortal instruments*, I understand the
" whole tribe of passions, affections,
" and emotions, the subordinate powers
" of the human constitution, termed
" *mortal*, because they were supposed to
" be so, as deriving their origin from
" the mortal body, and in great mea-
" sure depending upon it for their con-
" tinuance and prevalence; and termed
" *inſtrument*s too, because in ordinary
" mortals, who have not reached the
" heights of consummate undisturbed
" stoical wisdom, they are in most cases
" the very principles which excite and
" determine to action and execution;
" and the counsellors by which the
" presiding

Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Cassius* at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are ^m more with him.

" presiding principle suffers itself to be guided. These are represented as being all of them, during the dreadful period here described, in a state of total anarchy, sedition and mutual dissension, and the mind as torn and convulsed by the various and contrary efforts of hope, fear, ambition, self-preservation, private friendship, love of the public, resentment, envy, and in short every other passion that can be supposed to influence the human breast on so important and interesting an occasion." *Heath* in loc.

Mr. Smith, in *Grey's* notes, proposes instrument for instruments; and explains "the mortal instrument, the man, with all his bodily, that is, earthly passions, such as envy, pride, &c. the genius being the soul or spirit." *Grey* in loc.

But why should *Shakespeare*, in this place particularly, use *genius* for *soul* or *spirit*? *Spirit* would have measured as well; so would *soul* with a small addition, *The soul, and all the mortal instru-*

ments.

It is certainly a good rule in criticism, to understand words in such a meaning as the author generally uses them, provided they will make sense in the passages where they are found. And why may not *genius* be here taken in the meaning in which *Shakespeare* generally uses it, *viz.* an invisible being, presiding over the affairs, not only of particular kingdoms, but of particular men? Allowing this, the meaning then will be, The *genius* that presides over the man, and all the powers of body and mind that the man possesses, which are the instruments of action, called *mortal* because belonging to the mortal man, are then in council, being drawn together by the importance of the business; and as, in an insurrection, the whole kingdom, from the sovereign to the lowest subject, is in an universal commotion; so it is in this little kingdom, man; the whole state of man, from his governing *genius* to his lowest faculty, is strenuously engaged, and exerted.

^m *The fo's, moe.*

D

Bru.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are plukt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their ⁿ cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let ^o 'em enter.

[^p *Exit* Lucius.]

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou ^q path, thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

ⁿ The three last fo's, *R.* and *P.* cloaks
for cloaks.

^o So the three first fo's; the rest, *them*
for 'em.

^p This direction not in the fo's.
^q *P.* alters *path* to *march*; followed by

H. But *path* is here a verb, agreeable to
Shakespeare's custom of converting sub-
stantives into verbs.

S C E N E II.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, *Brutus*; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

[^s *Aside to Cas.*

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, *Casca*; this, *Cinna*;
And this, *Metellus Cimber*.

Bru. They all are welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

* The fo's, *Enter the Conspirators*, Cas- G.
fius, &c.

^t G. reads, *This, Casca; Cinna this;*

* This direction not in the fo's or *and this, Metellus Cimber.*

Cas. Shall I intreat a word? [^a *Cas.* and *Bru.* *whisper.*]

Drc. Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?

Cas. No.

Cin. O pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Cas. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If ^w not the ^x face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed:
So let high-fighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,

^a For *Cas.* and *Bru.* *whisper.*, *C.* di-
eats, converse apart; the rest, *They whisper.*

^{b.r.}

^w *T. H.* and *H.*, read *that for not.*

^x *W. fate for face.*

That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcoime wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not ^y stain
 The even virtue of our enterprize,
 Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
^z Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
 That every *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he ^a do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? shall we found him?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cas. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him; for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
 Our youths and wildnes shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O name him not: let us not break with him;
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

^y W. proposes *brain* for *þain*.

^z H. *Dath* for *Did*.

^a So the three first fo's and C; the
 rest, *dath* for *do*.

^b *Cæs.* Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only *Cæsar*?

Cæs. *Decius*, well urg'd; I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
 Should out-live *Cæsar*: we shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver; and you know, his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
 As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
 Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cætius*,
 To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;

Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:

For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæsar*,

^c Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, ^d *Caius*.

We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*;

And in the spirit of ^e men there is no blood:

O that we then could come by *Cæsar's* ^f spirit,
 And not dismember *Cæsar*! But, alas!

Cæsar must bleed for it: And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,

Stir up their servants to an act of rage,

^b *H.* gives this speech of *Cæs.* to *Decius*.

^e So all before *P*; he and all after,
 except *C.* read *man* for *men*.

^c The *fo's* and *R.* *Let's* for *Let us*.

^f The three last *fo's* and *R.* *spirit* for

^d *P.* and *H.* omit *Caius*; *R.* *Cætius* *spirit*.
 for *Caius*.

And after seem to chide ^g 'em. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
 And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him ;
 For he can do no more than *Cæsar's* arm,
 When *Cæsar's* head is off.

Cas. Yet I ^h fear him :
 For ⁱ in the ingrafted love he bears to *Cæsar* —

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him :
 If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
 Is to himself ; take thought, and die for *Cæsar* :
 And that were much he should ; for he is given
 To sports, ^k to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
 For he will live, and laugh at ^l this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
^m Whether *Cæsar* will come forth to-day, or no :
 For he is superstitious grown of late,
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of ⁿ fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

^g So the three first fo's ; the rest, them for 'em.

^l R.'s octavo, us for this.

^h P. and all after insert do after I.

^m So the fo's and R ; C. Wber;

ⁱ H. omits in.

the rest, If for Whether.

^k R.'s octavo, and for to.

ⁿ H. fantasies.

And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'er-sway him; for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephans with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.

° Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the ^P eighth hour; is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* ^q hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good *Metellus*, go along ^r to him:
He loves me well; and I have given him reasons.
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes ^s upon's; we'll leave you, *Brutus*,
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;

° *P.* alters this to, *Leave me to work*: q The three last fo's, *R. P. H.* and *C.* followed by the after-editors, except *J.* bairred for *hard*.
and *C.*

P The three first fo's, *eight*.

r The fo's and *R.* by for *to*.
s *C.* upon us for upon's.

But bear it, as our *Roman* actors do,
 With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
 And so, good morrow to you, every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Boy, *Lucius* ! Fast asleep ? It is no matter,
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
 Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

S C E N E III.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord.

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? wherefore rise you now ?
 It is not for your health, thus to commit
 Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. ^t You 've ungently, *Brutus*,
^u Stole from my bed : And yesternight at supper,
 You ^w suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
 Musing, and fighing, with your arms acrosf :
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
 I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :

^t The fo's, Y'have for You've.

^w The two first fo's, *sodainly*.

^u J. *Stol'n.*

Yet

Yet I insisted; yet you answer'd not;
 But, with an angry ^x wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did,
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal,
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
 And could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise; and were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do. Good *Portia*, go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sick; and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
 Of the ^y dank morning? What, is *Brutus* sick;
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto ^z his sickness? No, my *Brutus*;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of: And upon my knees,
 I ^a charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow

^x The fo's, waftur for wafture.

^z The first f. bit for his.

^y The three last fo's and R.'s octavo,
 dark for dank.

^a P, and H. charge for charm.

Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
 Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you; for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*. [^b Raising her.]

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
 Within ^c the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I your self,
 But as it were in fort, or limitation?
 To keep with you at meals, ^d comfort your bed,
 And talk to you ^e sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus'* harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
 I grant I am a woman; but withal,
 A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife:
 I grant I am a woman; but withal,
 A woman well reputed, *Cato's* daughter:
 Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose ^f 'em:

^b This direction first given by *C.*

^c *P.* and *H.* omit *sometimes*.

^d First *f. tho* for *the*.

^e So the three first fo's; the rest, *them*

^d *T. H.* and *J.* *comfort* for *comforto*.

^f for *'em*.

I have

I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife! [Knock within.
Hark, hark! one knocks: *Portia*, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart;
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the character of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste.]

[Exit *Portia*.]

Enter *Lucius* and *Ligarius*.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.— [Exit *Luc.*] *Caius Ligarius*, how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius*,
To wear a kerchief? Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you ⁱ a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods ^k that *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome*,

^g So the fo's and R; P. reads who's ⁱ So the three first fo's and C; the rest, there that knocks? followed by all till C. an for a.

who reads who's that that knocks? ^k So the fo's and C; the rest, the for
 ^b This direction first put in by C. tha:.

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins,
 Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
 My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
 And, I will strive with things impossible;
 ' Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That ^m must we also. What it is, my *Caius*,
 I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
 To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
 And with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,
 To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
 That *Brutus* leads me on.ⁿ

Bru. Follow me then.

Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

P Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar [¶] in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
 Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cry'd out,
 Help, ho! they murder *Cæsar*. Who's within?

¹ R. and P. *Yet for Yea.*

^o This Scene II. in R. and C.

^m T.'s duodecimo, W. and J. *we must*
for must we.

^p No description of the scene in the
 fo's.

ⁿ Here the fo's and R. direct *Thun-*
der.

^q So the fo's and R; the rest omit *in*
his night-gown.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Ser. I will, my lord.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæsar*? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er lookt but on my back; when they shall see
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Cal. *Cæsar*, I never stood on ceremonieis:
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses ^s did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ^t ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use;
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?

^s The three last fo's and R. burried for
buried.

^s The first f. do for did.

^t The fourth f. gbgf for gbgf.

Yet

Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth : for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the ^u augurers ?

Ser. They would not have you ^w to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. ^x

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear :
^y No, *Cæsar* shall not : Danger knows full well,
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We ^z are two lions, litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ;
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Cal.

^u So the fo's, R. and C; the rest, *au-*
gurs for *augurers*.

^w The fourth f. omits *to*.

^x Here *T. W.* and *J.* direct [Exit
Servant.]

^y This latter part of *Cæsar's* speech is
omitted in *P.* and *H.*'s text, but preserved
in their margin.

^z For *are* the 1st and 2d fo's read
beare; the 3d and 4th, *bear*; *R.* and *P.*
in his margin, *beard*: *T. H.* in his mar-
gin, *W.* and *J.* *were*. *Are* is *Upton's*
emendation; and here I think it not
improper to transcribe the passage in his
Critical Observations where this emen-
dation appears, as it contains an irrefraga-
ble

Cal. Alas, my lord,
 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
 Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear,
 That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
 We 'll send *Mark Antony* to the senate-house ;
 And he ^a shall say, you are not well to-day :
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say, I am not well ;
 And for thy humour, I will stay at home.

^b Enter Decius.

Here 's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Dec. *Cæsar*, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy *Cæsar* :
 I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

ble argument for minuteness in an editor, and tends to a vindication of the method pursued in this present edition.

It may be proper, (says he) in order to ascertain some readings in our author, just to observe, that in the reign of queen Elizabeth the scholars wrote *auncient*, *taulk*, *chaunce*, &c. keeping to the broader manner of pronunciation ; and added a letter often to the end of words, as *sunne*, *refleſſe*, &c. sometimes to give them a stronger tone as, *doo*, *tuze*, *mee*, &c.—As trifling as these observations may appear, yet they are not to be too lightly passed over by our critic : There is a corrupted passage in *Shakespeare*, which may hence be more truly than hitherto corrected. In *Julius Cæsar*, Act II. the old writing was thus :

“ Danger knows full well
 “ That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than He,

“ WEE ARE two lions, litter'd in one day,
 “ And I the elder and more terrible ;
 “ And *Cæsar* shall go forth.”

There was some stroke of the pen at the end of the letter *e*, which made the printer mistake it for an *b* : so he gave it us, “ WE HEARE two lions litter'd in one day.”

Mr. *Tb.* reads very ingeniously, “ WE “ WERE two lions, &c.” But my reading is nearer the traces of the original, and the stopping gives a greater propriety to the sentence. Besides, accuracy is of the very essence of criticism. Crit. Obs. on *Shakespeare*, 2d edit. p. 176.

C. reads after *Upton*.

^a So the fo's and *C*; the rest, *will for shall*.

^b In *P. H. W.* and *J.* the fifth scene begins here at the entrance of *Decius*.

Cæs.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day ;
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day, tell them so, *Decius.*

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a lie ?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be ^c afear'd to tell grey-beards the truth ? —
Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laught at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt ^d to-night, she saw my ^e statue,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty *Romans*
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it :
^f And these does she apply for warnings and portents,
^g And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

^c So the three first fo's and *C* ; the rest,
afraid for afear'd.

— *statue*, *Decius*,

which like a fountain, &c.

^d For to-night the 2d f. reads to *nigb* ;
R. and all after, except *C.* last night.

^f So the fo's and *R* ; the rest read,

These she applies for warnings, &c. except
C. who reads, *And these she does apply*
for warnings, portents, &c.

^e *H.* reads,

^g *H. W.* and *C.* *Of* for *And.*

— *statue which*
Like to a fountain, &c.

C. reads,

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
 It was a vision fair and fortunate :
 Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
 In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,
 Signifies, that from you great *Rome* shall suck
 Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
 For tinctures, stains, relicks, and ^h cognisance.
 This by *Calphurnia's* dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say ;
 And know it now : The senate have concluded
 To give, this day, a crown to mighty *Cæsar*,
 If you shall send them word, you will not come,
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
 Break up the senate till another time,
 When *Cæsar's* wife shall meet with better dreams.
 If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
 Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid ?
 Pardon me, *Cæsar*, for my dear dear love
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;
 And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, *Calphurnia* !
 I am ⁱ ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go : [^k *To an attendant.*
Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna,
and Publius.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

^h H. cognisances.

ⁱ W. ashamed.

^k This direction first put in by C.

Pub. Good morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome, *Publius*. —

What, *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too? —

Good morrow, *Cæsca*.¹ *Caius Ligarius*,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that sameague which hath made you lean. —

What is 't o' clock?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis ^mstrucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter *Antony*.

See! *Antony*, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up. — Good morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within. — [ⁿTo an Attendant.

I am ^oto blame to be thus waited for.

Now, *Cinna* — Now, *Metellus* — What, *Trebonius*!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Cæsar*, I will: — and so near will I be, [^pAfide.
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straitway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*; [^qAfide.
The heart of *Brutus* yearns to think upon. [*Exeunt*.

¹ H. reads, Ob! *Caius*, &c.

^m J. stricken.

ⁿ This direction first given by G.

^o Two first fo's, too.

^p This direction first given by R.

^q This direction first given by P.

SCENE V.

A Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus^t reading a paper.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cassius, come not near Casca, have an eye to Cinna, trust not Trebonius, mark well Metellus Cimber, Decius Brutus loves thee not, thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about ^u thee: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover, Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[^w *Exit.*

^r In R. and C. Scene III; in P. H.
W. and J. Scene VII.

^s No description of the Scene in the
fo's; R. P. and H. call it, *the street*,
omitting *near the capitol*.

^t *Reading a paper* is first added by
R.

^u The fo's and C. *you* for *they*,

^w Here, according to the strictness of
scenical representation, the direction, in-
stead of *Exit*, should have been *Scene*
closes; for Artemidorus says, *Here will I*
stand, till Cæsar pass along, &c. which
resolution of his is contradicted by his
making an *Exit*.

SCENE

* S C E N E VI.

* Another part of the same Street, before Brutus's House.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldest do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue ;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's ^z might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsef !—
Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, ^a boy, if thy lord look well ;
For he went sickly forth : And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him,
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

* In C. Sc. IV.

^z C. alters *might* to *beare*.

^y This description of scene first given
by C.

^a The fourth f. omits *boy*.

Por. Prithee listen well :
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter ^b *Soothsayer.*

Por. Come hither, fellow : which way hast thou been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o' clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the capitol ?

Sooth. Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the capitol !

Por. Thou hast some suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not ?

Sooth. That I have, lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me :
I shall beseech him to ^c befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any ^d harm 's intended towards
him ?

Sooth. None that I knew will be, much that I fear ^e may
chance.

Good Morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :
The throng that follows *Cæsar* at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along.

[Exit.]

^b So the fo's and C; the rest, *Arte midorus* for *Soothsayer*. ^d P. and all after, except C. *barm for barm's.*

^c R. P. and H. *defend* for *befriend*.

^e P. and all after, except C. omit *way chance.*

Por.

Por. I must go in.—^f Aye me ! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is ! ^g O *Brutus*,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize !
Sure the boy heard me. — *Brutus* hath a suit
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint : —
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my lord ;
Say, I am merry : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [^h *Exeunt.*

^f J. *Ab* for *Aye*.

^h The three last fo's and C. omit this

^g So the fo's and R; the rest, O *Bru-* direction.

tus ! Brutus ! &c.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

ⁱ *The Street leading to the Capitol.*

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, ^k Publius, ^l Popilius, and the ^m Soothsayer.

Cæs. THE ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art.

ⁱ There is no description of the scene in the fo's; R. P. and C. describe it, *The capitol*; H. *The entrance into the capitol*; T. W. and J. *The street before the capitol*; and *the capitol open*. But it is evident that these are all improper descriptions. For, according to the first, it is absurd to make the capitol the scene of what passes in the street; *Cassius* says, *What, urge you your petitions in the street?* and still more absurd, when he bids them *Come to the capitol*, to suppose them in the

capitol already. Or, if by the capitol be meant the outside of the capitol, as explained by the two last descriptions, it is still improper to suppose that the business, which is hereafter to be transacted within the capitol, may be commodiously heard and seen by an audience to whom the outside only of the capitol is presented, and who, in that case, can but see and hear through the door-way. Besides, if the scene be supposed the entrance into the capitol, *Cassius* would

better

Art. O *Cæsar*, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches *Cæsar* nearer: Read it, ⁿ great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd,

Art. Delay not, *Cæsar*; read it instantly.

better have said, *What urge you your petitions at the door? Come into th' capitol.*

I have therefore presumed to make what is done without and within the capitol, two distinct scenes, as I believe Shakespeare intended. Nor is it necessary to fix the first scene close to the capitol, but rather more consonant with several passages in the foregoing act that it should be at some distance. In scene fifth of the second act Artemidorus says, *Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along, &c.* which implies that the part of the street where he had fixed himself was at some distance from the capitol; for if it was at the entrance of the capitol, he would with more propriety have said, *Here will I stand, till Cæsar shall arrive.* And in the same act, scene 6, before Brutus's house (which is understood to be at a considerable distance from the capitol by Portia's words to Lucius,

Prithee listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the capitol.
the Soothsayer says,

Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows *Cæsar* at the

heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a *place more void*, and
there

Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along.
Now for any thing that appears in this last speech, the Soothsayer might be supposed to remove to a place more remote from the capitol than Brutus's house was; for his only reason for removing from thence was, because the street there was narrow. But admitting that he removed nearer the capitol, yet the sense of his words makes it unlikely he should station himself at the entrance of the capitol, which he might reasonably expect would be more crowded than any other part of the street. Again, if he had designed to station himself at the entrance of the capitol, he would with greater accuracy have said,

I'll to the door o' th' capitol, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he enters in,

k The three last fo's, R. and P. omit
Publius in the entrance, but make him speak in the scene.

^l The first f. omits *Pepilius*.

m R.'s duodecimo and P. Soothsayers.

ⁿ P. and H. omit *great*.

Cæs.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the capitol. [^o *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Capitol.

The Senate sitting. Enter Cæsar and the rest, as in the foregoing Scene. Senate rises. Cæsar moves towards his Seat.

Pop. I wish your enterprize to-day may thrive.

[^p *Aside to Cæs.*

Cæs. What enterprize, *Popilius*?

Pop. Fare you well.

[^q *Follows Cæsar.*

Bru. What said *Popilius Lena*?

[^r *Aside to Cassius.*

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprize might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

It is needless to say, that this direction, and the rest that are made necessary by altering the scenes, are not in any edition before. C. here directs, *Artemidores* is *push'd back*: which would have been proper enough, supposing the scene to be the street; but as C. supposes the scene to be the capitol, and *Artemidorus* in the entrance, *amid a throng of people*, and whom, in this case, we must imagine to be pressing after *Cæsar* into the capitol, it is very

inconsistent, he should be bidden to come to the capitol, and yet pushed back.

[^s This direction in no edition before.

[^t Here C. directs [*leaves him, and joins Cæsar*. But *Popilius* does not yet join *Cæsar*, nor has he join'd him three speeches after, when *Brutus* says, *Look how he makes to Cæsar, &c.* The rest have no direction.

[^u This direction in no edition before.

Brutus.

Bru. Look how he makes to *Cæsar*; mark him.

Cas. *Casca*, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turn back,

For I will flay myself.

[^s *Cæsar* being arrived at his seat, Popilius whispers him and smiles.

Bru. *Cassius*, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our ^t purposes;

For look, he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cas. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

[^u *Exeunt Antony and Trebonius conversing. Cæsar and the Senate being seated, Metellus advances towards Cæsar.*

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is address: press near and second him.

Cin. *Casca*, you are the first that ^w rear your hand.

[*The Conspirators follow Metellus, and range themselves about Cæsar.*

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [^x Kneeling.
An humble heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*.

^s Nor this.

^w The fo's, R. P. T. W. and J. rears

^t T. H. W. and J. purpose for ~~pre-~~ for rear.

for rear.

^{poses.}

^x No direction in the fo's. C. directs

^u No direction in any edition before [prostrating himself.

prostrating himself.

C.

Theſe

These couchings, and these lowly ^y courtesies,
 Might ^z fire the blood of ordinary men,
 And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
 Into the ^a lane of children. Be not fond,
 To think that *Cæsar* bears such rebel blood,
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
 Low-crooked court'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished:
 If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

^y So the two first fo's and C; the fourth f. and R.'s octavo, *court'sies*; the rest, *courtesies*.

^z W. reads *stir for fire*; "Submission," says he, does not *fire* the blood, but "melts it to compassion; or, as he says "just after, *thaw* it. So afterwards in "this play he says,

"*The power of speech to stir men's bloods.*"

W.
 But is it not *fire*, that *stirs*, *melts*, and *thaws*?—*Fire* is a term made use of to express the moving or kindling all the passions; and *stir* is very unluckily pitched upon to supply it's place in this passage, being more properly applied to the turbulent and boisterous passions; in *Othello* we read, the *spirit-stirring drum*; and the sense of *stir* in the passage above quoted by W. is not to *stir* compassion, but revenge, as is plain by

what follows,

I only speak right on.
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Shew you sweet *Cæsar's* wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths!

And bid them speak for me. But were

I Brutus,

And Brutus, Antony, there were an An-

tony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of *Cæsar*, that should move

The flames of Rome to rise and mutiny.
 So that to *stir* men's bloods, to *ruffle* their spirits, and to *move* to *insurrection and mutiny*, are all of them phrases which here signify to inspire them with revenge of *Cæsar's* death.

^a J. conjectures *law* for *lane*,

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar's* ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar* ;
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, *Brutus*!

Cæs. Pardon, *Cæsar*; *Cæsar*, pardon :
As ^b low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :
But I am constant as the northern star ;
^c Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place :
So in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive,
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his ^d rank,
Unshak'd of ^e motion ; and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this ;
That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd
And constant do remain to keep high so.

^b The second f. love for low.

^d J. conjectures race for rank.

^c The ten following lines are omitted
by P. and H. in their text, but preserved
in the margin.

^e Upon conjectures notion for motion.

^f Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence ! Wilt thou lift up *Olympus* ?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. ^g Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

Cæs. Speak, hands, for me ! [^h Stabbing him in the neck.

Cæsar rises, catches at the dagger, and struggles with him : defends himself, for a time, against him, and against the other Conspirators ; but, stabbed by Brutus,

Cæs. Et tu, Brute ? — Then fall, Cæsar.

[† he submits ; muffles up his face in his mantle ; falls, and dies. Senate in confusion.

Cin. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead ! —

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement !

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted ; Fly not, stand still ; ambition 's debt is paid.

Cæs. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

^f The first f. gives this speech to *Cinna*, his name being put without abbreviation before the speech, viz. *Cinna*; the other fo's, *H.* and *C.* contracted, viz. *Cin.* *R.* *P.* *T.* *W.* and *J.* *Cim.* So that by a mistake of the press in *R.*'s edition this speech is given by the rest to *Metellus Cimber*.

^g So the first f. *T.* *W.* *J.* and *G* ; the three last fo's and the rest, for *Doth* read *Do* ; but then the fo's have a point of interrogation at the end of the speech, which seems to shew that *Do* was an error of the press. Although *J.* reads

Doth, yet he says he would read *Do*. The meaning of *Cæsar's* speech is plainly this, Doth not *Brutus* kneel without effect ? *Brutus*, whom I most esteem among you ? and can you, *Cassius*, *Cinna*, and *Decius*, expect to prevail ?

^h I have copied these directions from *C* ; the rest have only [*T*hey stab *Cæsar*. *C.* has copied these directions from Plutarch, Πλάτων εἰς Καίσαρος ζεφει ταῦτα τὸν αὐγάνια, &c.

† The fo's and *R.* have no direction here, the rest [*Dies*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest someⁱ friend of *Cæsar's* Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—*Publius*, good cheer; There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no *Roman* else; so tell them, *Publius*.

Cas. And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the people, Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed, But we the doers. [^{kExeunt all but Conspirators.}

ⁱ *Enter Trebonius.*

Cas. ^m Where is *Antony*?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd: Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run, As it were doom's-day.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures; That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time, And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

ⁿ *Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life, Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit: So are we *Cæsar's* friends, that have abridg'd

ⁱ *P.'s duodecimo, T. W. and J. friends* ^m So the fo's, *R. T. W.* and *J.*; the for friend. rest, *Where's* for *Where is.*

^k This direction first put in by *C.*

ⁿ The fo's and *R.* give this speech to

^l Here *P. H. W.* and *C.* begin their *Casca*; the rest to *Cassius.* second scene.

His time of fearing death.—° Stoop, ' Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsar's* blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry peace, freedom, and liberty !

° P. gives the remainder of this speech to *Cæsca*, because he thinks nothing is more inconsistent with *Brutus*'s mild and philosophical character : and is followed by W. In answer to this, T. tells us that *Shakespeare* is strictly copying a fact in history, and that *Plutarch*, in the life of *Cæsar*, says, " *Brutus* and his followers, " being yet hot with the murder, marched " in a body from the senate-house to the " capitol, with their drawn swords, with " an air of confidence and assurance." And in the life of *Brutus*, " *Brutus* and " his party betook themselves to the " capitol, and in their way *sheaving* their " bands all bloody, and their naked " swords, proclaimed liberty to the people." But T. has offered nothing to the purpose against P.'s emendation ; for the question is not whether *Brutus*, with the rest of his party, bathed his hands in *Cæsar's* blood ; but whether *Shakespeare* intended him the first mover to this unseemly action (as P. seems to think it) by putting the controverted words into his mouth. Yet, after what *Upton* has written on this passage no one can scruple giving these lines to *Brutus*. " The philosophical character of *Brutus*, says

" he, bids you expect consistency and " steadiness from his behaviour : he " thought the killing of *Antony*, when " *Cæsar's* assassination was resolved on, " would appear too bloody and unjust : " Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers : " Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the " gods.
" The hero, therefore, full of this idea " of sacrificing *Cæsar* to his injured " country, after stabbing him in the " senate, tells the *Romans* to stoop, and " besmear their hands and their swords " in the blood of the sacrifice. This " was agreeable to an ancient and reli- " gious custom. So in *Aeschylus* we " read, that the seven captains, who " came against *Thebes*, sacrificed a bull, " and dipped their hands in the gore, " &c. And *Xenophon* tells us, that " when the barbarians ratified their " treaty with the *Greeks*, they made a " sacrifice, and dipped their spears and " swords in the blood of the victim. By " this solemn action *Brutus* gives the " assassination of *Cæsar* a religious air " and turn, &c." Crit. Obs. 2d edit. p. 78.

Cæs. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence

[^P *Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood.*

Shall this our lofty scene be acted ^q over,
In ^r states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

^s *Bru.* How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompey's* basis lyes along,
No worthier than the dust!

^t *Cæs.* So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. ^u What, shall we forth?

Cæs. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
^w With the most boldest and best hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? ^x A friend of *Antony's*.

Ser. Thus, *Brutus*, did my master bid me kneel;

[^y *Kneeling.*

Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bad me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was ^z mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

^P There is no direction in the fo's
and C.

^q So the fo's, R, and C; the rest, o'er
for over.

^r The first f. *state for states.*

^s P. and H. have put this speech in-
to *Cæsca's* mouth, without giving any
reason for it.

^t And this into *Brutus's*, without
giving a reason.

^u R. reads, *What, what shall we
forth?*

^w R. P. and H. read, *With the my^g
bold, and the best hearts, &c.*

^x P. and H. make the servant's speech
begin here.

^y No direction in the fo's and C.

^z P. T. H. and W. read, *mighty, royal,
bold and loving.*

Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
 Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
 If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
 How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead
 So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
 With all true faith. So says my master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant *Roman*;
 I never thought him worse.
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied, and by my honour,
 Depart untouched.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit *Servant*.]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Caf. I wish we may; but yet ^a have I a mind
 That fears him much; and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

^b Enter *Antony*.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*.—Welcome, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*! dost thou lye so low?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit.

^a P.'s duodecimo, I bœuf for have I.

^b Here begins the third scene in P. H.
W. and J.

As *Cæsar's* death's hour; nor no instrument
 Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if ^c you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoak,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:
 No place will please me so, no ^d mean of death,
 As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O *Antony*, beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As, by our hands, and this our present act,
 You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
 And this the bleeding businesse they have done;
 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
 And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*
 (As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
 Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*,
 Our arms ^e no strength of malice; and our hearts,
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Caf. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
 In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,

^c *W.* and *J.* ye for you.

^d The two first fo's, *T.* and *W.* meane; *P.* and the rest for no strength of read
P. and *H.* means.

^e So *C*; the fo's and *H.* for no read in;
 exempt from.

And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I struck him,
^f Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand,
 First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;—
 Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand;—
 Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours;—now yours, *Metellus*;—
 Yours, *Cinna*;—and, my valiant *Casca*, yours;—
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
 Gentlemen all, alas! what shall I say?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
 That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, O 'tis true:
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes as thou haft wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, *Julius*! Here waſt thou bay'd, brave ^g hart,
 Here didſt thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,

^f For *Have thus proceeded* *P.* reads *cept C.*
Proceeded thus, followed by all after, ex- ^g The three last fo's, *beart* for *hart*,

^b Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy ⁱ *Lethè*.—

^k O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this indeed, O world, the ⁱ heart of thee.—
How like a deer, ^m stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lye !

Cas. *Mark Antony*;—

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius* ;
The enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blaine you not for praising *Cæsar* so,
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else ⁿ were this a savage spectacle :
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, *Antony*, the son of *Cæsar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,

^b R.'s octavo, Sing'd for Sign'd.

but preserved in the margin.

ⁱ So the fo's, R. *W.* *J.* and *C* ; the
rest, death for *Lethè*.

^l The fo's and R. bart for beart.

^k The following lines of this speech
are omitted by *P.* and *H.* in their text,

^m The first f. stroken ; *C.* strooken.

ⁿ P.'s duodecimo, *T. W.* and *J.* ibis
were for were this.

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony.*

Cæf. Brutus, a word with you.

You know not what you do: Do not consent,
That *Antony* speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

[^o *Afide.*]

Bru. By your pardon—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cæsar's* death:
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, *Cæsar* shall
Have all ^P true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cæf. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here, take you *Cæsar's* body,
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speāk all good you can devise of *Cæsar*;
And say, you do 't by our permission:
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

^o This direction not in fo's and *C.*

^P P. and all after, except *C.* due for

mark.

^q So the fo's, *T. W. J.* and *C.*; *R.*

reads, *Else you shall not, &c.* *P.* and *H.*

You shall not else, &c.

Bru.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the ^s limbs of men ;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy* ;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall bat sinile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd ^t with the hands of war ;
All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds ;
And *Cæsar's* spirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Atē* by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry ^u havock, and let slip the dogs of war ;
That this foul deed shall sinell above the earth,

^r Here begins the fourth scene in *P.* ^u *J.* tells us that a learned correspondent has informed him, that, in the military operations of old times,

H. reads *kind* ; *W.* *line*. *J.* thinks it should be *lives*, or *lymms*, that is, *these bloodbounds* of men.

^v *J.* tells us that a learned correspondent has informed him, that, in the military operations of old times, *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter should be given.

^s *P. T. H.* and *W.* by for *with*.

With carrion men, groaning for burial.—

Enter w Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Cæsar* did write ^x for him to come to *Rome*.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O *Cæsar!* —

[^y Seeing the body.]

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart, and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; ^z for mine eyes,
Seeing those ^a beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water. Is thy master coming?

Ser. He lies to-night within seven leagues of *Rome*.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of safety for *Octavius* yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have born this ^b corse
Into the market place: There shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young *Octavius* of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt c with the body.*]

w The fo's, *Octavius's* for *Octavius's*.

x C. to for for.

y This direction first given by R.

z The first f. from for for.

^a P. beds for beads.

^b First and 2d fo's, course; 3d and 4th, coarse.

c The fo's omit with the body.

S C E N E III.

The Forum.

¹ Enter Brutus, Cassius, and the Plebeians.*Pleb.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.Those that will hear ^g me speak, let ^h 'em stay here;
Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of *Cæsar's* death.¹ *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.² *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.[ⁱ Exit *Cassius* with some of the Plebeians.^k Brutus goes into the Pulpit.¹ In R. and G. this is Scene 2; in P. H. W. and J. Sc. 5.the pulpit, for he says, *Then follow me, and give me audience, friends;* he would not have said *follow me* if he had been in the pulpit,^e The scene first described by R.
^f Here the fo's and R. direct, *Enter*
Brutus, and goes into the pulpit; and *Cassius, with the Plebeians;* C. *Enter a*
strong of citizens, tumultuously; Brutus and Cassius; the rest, *Enter Brutus, and mounts the rostra.* Cassius, *with the Plebeians.* But *Brutus* has not yet mountedg R.'s duodecimo, *my* for *me.*h C. *them* for *'em.*

i No direction in the fo's.

k This latter part is omitted here by all but G. being improperly inserted by them before.

3 Pleb. The noble *Brutus* is ascended : Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, country-men, and ¹ lovers, hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of *Cæsar's*, to ^m him I say, that ⁿ *Brutus'* love to *Cæsar* was no less than his : If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer : Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all slaves ; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all free-men ? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him : but, as he was ambitious, I slew him : There ^o are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a *Roman* ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply,

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar* than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is inroll'd in the capitol : his glory not extenuated,

¹ *P.* and *H.* friends for lovers.

ⁿ *P.* and all after, except *C.* *Brutus'*

^m The three last fo's and *R.* item for for *Brutus'*.

bim.

^o The fo's, *R.* and *C.* is for are.

wherein

wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffer'd death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, That as I slew my best lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. ^P Live, *Brutus*, live, live!

1 Pleb. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 Pleb. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 Pleb. Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 Pleb. *Cæsar's* better parts

Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 Pleb. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 Pleb. Peace! silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 Pleb. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And for my sake, stay here with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæsar's* corps, and grace his speech
Tending to *Cæsar's* glories, which *Mark Antony*
By our permission is allow'd to make,
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke.

[*Exit.*

^P *P.* and *H.* read, *Live, Brutus, live!*

^q *P. H.* and *C.* read *Shall now be
crown'd, &c.*

¹ *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

³ *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him: Noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus'* sake, I am ¹ beholding to you.

⁴ *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*?

³ *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus'* sake
He finds himself ¹ beholding to us all.

⁴ *Pleb.* 'Twere best ^u he speak no harm of *Brutus* here.

¹ *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a tyrant.

³ *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain:
We are ^w blest that *Rome* is rid of him.

² *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle *Romans*,

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with ^x their bones;
So let it be with *Cæsar*. ^y The noble *Brutus*

¹ Here begins the sixth scene in P. H. W. and J.

^s The three first fo's and C. *beholding* for *bebolden*.

^t So the three first fo's and C; the rest, *beholding* for *bebolding*. Thus we see that all the editions put the same word into *Antony*'s and the third Plebeian's mouth; by which means, I fancy, a piece of humour is lost: *bebolden* is spoken properly by *Antony*; but when it comes to be repeated by the Plebeian, it migrates into *beholding* (a word at this day used by some of the vulgar for *be-*

bolden). And perhaps the very reason why Shakespeare makes the fourth Plebeian ask the question, *What does he say of Brutus?* was, that the third Plebeian, by repeating what *Antony* had said, might make this blunder.

^u The three last fo's omit *be*.

^w The three last fo's, R. P. and H. glad for *bleft*. C. inserts *most* before *bleft*.

^x The fourth f. and R.'s octavo, *the* for *their*.

^y P. and all after, except C. omit *The*.

Hath told you *Cæsar* was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,
(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in *Cæsar's* funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious ;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;
Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious ;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
You all did see that ^z on the *Lupercal*
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : Was this ambition ?
Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious ;
And sure he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause,
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ? —
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason ! — Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

^z P. and H at for on.

1 *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, ^b masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the
crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins ^c again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might
Have stood against the world; now lyes he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of *Cæsar*,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)

* The three last fo's, and all after
except *G.* make this speech a part of the
first Plebeian's foregoing speech.

^b *G.* inserts *my* before *masters*.

^c T.'s duodecimo omits *again*; an
error, I suppose, of the press, but which
has crept into the editions of *W.* and
J.

And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsar's* wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
^d Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will; read it, *Mark Antony.*

All. The will, the will; we will hear *Cæsar's* will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends: I must not read it;
 It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
 And being men, hearing the will of *Cæsar*,
 It will enflame you, it will make you mad;
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
 For if you should—O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the will; ^e we'll hear it, *Antony*; you shall
 read us the will, *Cæsar's* will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
 I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar*; I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors—Honourable men?

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers:—The will!
 read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
 Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*,
 And let me shew you him that made the will.

^d *C.* reads *Nay* for *Yea*, as in no edi. ^e *T. W. J.* and *G.* *we will* for *we'll*.
 tion before.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Pleb. Descend.

3 Pleb. You shall have leave.

[^f *He comes down from the pulpit.*

4 Pleb. A ring—Stand round.

1 Pleb. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Pleb. Room for *Antony*, most noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back—room—bear back—

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the *Nervii*—

Look in this place ran ^g *Cassius'* dagger through—

See what a rent the envious *Casca* made—

Through this the well-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd,

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no.

For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar*'s angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him!

^h This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

^f No direction in fo's.

^h *P.* alters thus, *This, this was the*

^g The fourth f. and R. *Cassius's* for *unkindest*, &c., followed by T. H. and *Cassius*.

W.

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And in his mantle muffling up his face,
¹ Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep, and I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, ^k with traitors.

¹ Pleb. O piteous spectacle!

² Pleb. O noble Cæsar!

³ Pleb. O woeful day!

⁴ Pleb. O traitors, villains!

¹ Pleb. O most bloody fight!

² Pleb. ¹ We will be reveng'd: Revenge! About—seek
 —burn—fire—kill—slay—Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

¹ Pleb. Peace there, hear the noble Antony;

² Pleb. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll dye
 with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

¹ II. reads,

~~Even at the base of Pompey's statue which~~

~~All the while ran with blood, great Cæ-~~

~~far fell,~~

W. (transposing the lines) reads,

¹ Which all the while ran blood, great Cæ-
 far fell,

~~Even at the base of Pompey's statue.~~

^k P. T. H. W. and J. by for withs.

¹ C. We'll for We will.

They that have done this deed are honourable;
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable;
 And will, no doubt, with ^m reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as *Brutus* is;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well;
 That ⁿ gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know,
 Shew you sweet *Cæsar's* wounds, poor, poor, ^o dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me: But were I *Brutus*,
 And *Brutus* *Antony*, there were an *Antony*
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
 The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We 'll mutiny.

1 Pleb. We 'll burn the house of *Brutus*.

3 Pleb. Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! hear *Antony*, most noble *Antony*.

^m W. reads reason for reasons.

• The two first fo's and R.'s octave,

ⁿ So the first f. and G; the rest, give dum for dumb.

for gave.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true—the will!—let's stay and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under *Cæsar's* seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy five drachmas.

2 Pleb. Most noble *Cæsar*! — We'll revenge his death.
3 Pleb. O royal *Cæsar*!

Ant. Hear me with patience:

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On ^P that side *Tiber*; he hath left them you;
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves:
Here was a *Cæsar*! When comes such another?

1 Pleb. Never, never—^q Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,

^P All the editions before *T.* read *this* for *that*; so *C.* *T.* gives the following note:

The scene is here in the *Forum* near the *capitol*, and in the most frequented part of the city; but *Cæsar's* gardens were very remote from that quarter, *Trans Tiberim longè cubat is, prope Cæsaris hortos*; says *Horace*. And both the *Naumachia* and gardens of *Cæsar* were separated from the main city by the river; and

lay out wide, on a line with mount *Janiculum*. Our author therefore certainly wrote;

On that side *Tiber*;—
And *Plutarch*, whom *Shakespeare* very diligently studied, in the life of *Marcus Brutus*, speaking of *Cæsar's* will, expressly says, that he left to the public his gardens, and walks, beyond the *Tiber*. *T.*

^q *C.* reads, *Come, come, away: &c.*

And with the brands fire ^r all the traitors' houses,
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down ^s benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians* ^u *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter ^w *a Servant.*

How now, fellow?

Ser. ^x Sir, *Ostavius* is already come to *Rome*.

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar's* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard ^y him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like madmen through the gates of *Rome*.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Ostavius*.

[*Exeunt.*

^r The first f. omits *ali*.

^s C. inserts *the* before *benches*.

^t The first f. *Exit for Exeunt.*

^u The fo's omit *with the body.*

^w The fo's and C. omit *a.*

^x P. T. H. W., and J. omit *Sir.*

^y C. reads *them* for *him*. He evidently refers to *Ostavius*, who, as he was coming into *Rome*, had seen *Brutus* and *Cassius*, riding like madmen through the gates, and had related the same in the presence of the servant.

SCENE IV.

^a A Street.Enter Cinna the Poet ^b.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
 And things ^c unlucky charge my fantasy :
 I have no will to wander forth of doors,
 Yet something leads me forth.

^d Enter the Plebeians.

1 Pleb. What is your name ?

2 Pleb. ^e Whither are you going ?3 Pleb. Where do you ^f dwell ?

4 Pleb. Are you a married man, or a bachelor ?

2 Pleb. Answer every man directly.

1 Pleb. Ay, and briefly.

4 Pleb. Ay, and wisely.

3 Pleb. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name ? Whither am I going ? Where
 do I dwell ? Am I a married man, or a bachelor ? Then to

^a In P. H. W. and J. this is scene 7; in C. scene 3.

^b This description of the scene first given by C.

^c Here all but C. add, *and after him the Plebeians.*

^d All editions but W. and C. read *unluckily for unlucky.*

^d No direction here in the editions before C.; the direction in them, for the Plebeians' entrance, being placed as above-mentioned.

^e First and 2d fo's, *Whether* for *Whither.*

^f C. *live* for *dwell.*

answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear: Proceed—directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæsar's* funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, sir?—truly,

Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet,

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conspirator,

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*; pluck & but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands! to *Brutus'*, to *Cassius'*, burn all! some to *Decius'* house, and some to *Cæsa's*, some to *Ligarius'*: Away, go!

[*Exeunt.*

¶ J. out for his

¶ The three last fo's, houses for
Brutus.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I,

*Rome.**Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.*

Ant. THESE ^k many then shall die; their names are
prickt.

Oet. Your brother too must die; consent you, *Lepidus*?

Lep. I do consent:

Oet. Prick him down, *Antony*.

Lep.

No description of the scene in the
fo's or *W*; *R. P.* and *C.* fix the scene at
Rome; *H.* at a small island in the little
river *Rhenus* near *Bononia*; *T.* (followed
by *J.*) at a small island near *Mutina*,
and says, "Shakespeare, I dare say, knew
" from *Plutarch*, that these *Triumvirs*
" met, upon the proscription, in a little
" island: which *Appian*, who is more
" particular, says, lay near *Mutina* up-
" on the River *Lavinus*." *T.*

But what if *Shakespeare* knew all this?
Is a poet obliged to follow history exact-

ly? May he not sometimes deviate from
it, provided he makes his own work
consistent with itself? What though the
old copies say nothing of the place here?
yet it is implied in a passage, a very few
lines from the very beginning of this
scene, that *Shakespeare* meant to fix it
at *Rome*: *Antony* says,
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar's* house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall de-
termine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Lep. Upon condition¹ *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I ^m damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar's* house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

O.7. Or here, or at the capitol. [Exit *Lepidus*.]

Ant. This is a flight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

O.7. Or here, or at the capitol.
What! does *Antony* send *Lepidus* on a
journey (not to say, voyage also) from an
island near *Mutina* or *Bononia*, to fetch
the will from *Cæsar's* house in *Rome*,
and direct him to come again to him to
this same island, and if he did not meet
with him there, to return to the capitol
at *Rome*? For this will be the import of
the above passage, according to *T. H.* and
J. and *Lepidus* will appear to be a man
meet to be sent on errands, with a witness.
Besides, supposing this island to be the
scene, *Ostavius*, should rather have said,
Or here, or at Rome; for the direction,
at the capitol, is too particular, and not
agreeable to the common forms of speech
on such an occasion; it is the same as
if, two friends being at *Paris*, one should
say to the other, " You will find me
either here (at *Paris*) or in *Cheapside*."

G. makes it a *Room in Antony's Louje at Rome*.

k Grey in his notes on Shakespeare
conjectures *marry for many*.

¹ *Antony* set down *Cicero's* name in
the list of the proscribed: *Ostavius* in-
sisted on *Antony's* sacrificing *Lucius*, his
uncle by the mother's side: And *Lepidus*,
gave up his own brother, *L. Ägilius*
Paulus. As 'tis not uncommon to blun-
der in proper names, I make no doubt
but in the room of *Publius* we should
place *Lucius*, *Antony's* uncle by his mo-
ther's side: and then a trifling correc-
tion sets right the other line.

Lepidus. Upon condition *Lucius* shall
not live.

*You are his sister's son, *Mark Antony*.*

- Upton's Crit. Obs. ed. 2. p. 245.

m The three first fo's, dam for damn.

Oæ. So you thought him;
And took his voice, who should be prickt to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselues of divers flanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the busines,
ⁿ Either led or driven, as we ^o point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in ^p commons.

Oæ. You may do your will;
But he 's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, *Octavius*, and for that,
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On ^q abject orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use, and ^r stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,

ⁿ P. and all after, except C, Or for
Either.

^q This is T.'s emendation (followed
by all after) all before read *objects*, *arts*,

^o The three last fo's and R. print for
point.

for *abject orts*.

^p H. *commay* for *commons*.¹

^r For *stal'd* the two first fo's read
stal'de; the 4th, *stall'd*.

But

But as a property. And now, *Oætavius*,
 Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*
 Are levying powers: we must straight make head;
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, ¹ and our best means stretch'd ² out;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answer'd,

Oæt. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies;
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

[*In the Camp near Sardis; before Brutus's Tent.*

⁴ *Drum.* Enter Brutus and Soldiers; to them Lucilius, and his Soldiers marching, Titinius and Pindarus.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, *Lucilius*? is *Cassius* near?

Lucile.

¹ The first f. J. and C. omit *and* & *out.*

² No description of the scene in the fo's.

⁴ C. omits *drum.* The fo's direct, *Drum.* Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and the Army. Titinius and Pindarus meet them. So all after (except C.), bating that they read.

Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his master ^{w.}

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, *Pindarus*,
In his own ^x change, or by ill ^y officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

read soldiers for the army, and meeting for
meet.

In C. *Lucilius*, *Titinius* and *Pindarus* do not enter until *Brutus* has said *Stand, bo!* and a direction is given that these words should be spoken to his (*Brutus's*) officers, entering. Then *Lucilius* (entering with his soldiers, and *Pindarus* and *Titinius*) says to his party, *Give the word, bo, and stand.* By thus ordering the scene, C. seems to understand that *Brutus* and *Lucilius*, with their several bodies of soldiers, being upon their march meet; and then each of them gives the word of command to stand, or halt, to their separate parties. Now this would have been proper enough had not *Brutus* erected his tent. But the scene is before *Brutus's* tent, and he must have arrived, before he could have erected it. Therefore he and his soldiers have done marching, have erected the tent, and are expecting the other companies at the place appointed. Here the scene opens; *Lucilius*, being upon the march, and having arrived where *Brutus* is, *Brutus* (as generalissimo of the forces) bids him stand;

Lucilius conveys these orders to his officers, and bids them give the word of command to the soldiers. By thus understanding the scene, it appears consistent with itself, the dignity of *Brutus* is kept up, and the subordination, of general to generalissimo, officers to their general, and common soldiers to their officers, is painted in a very few, simple, but expressive words.

w Here C. directs [presenting *Pindarus*, who gives a letter. But it is very strange that *Cassius* should send a letter when he was at hand, and just at the heels of the messenger. C.'s reason for giving this direction is, I suppose, because (*Lucilius* having presented *Pindarus* to *Brutus*, as bringing a salutation from *Cassius*) *Pindarus* makes no salutation by word of mouth to *Brutus*, and therefore the salutation must be contained in a letter. But I should rather think that Shakespeare wrote a short speech for *Pindarus*, in this place, such as, *Cassius sends health to Brutus*, which is lost.

x H. W. and C. charge for change.

y J. proposes offices for officers.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—^z A word, *Lucilius*;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to ficken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their ^a crests, and like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius*. [^b March within.]

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meet him.

^z *H.* reads, Hear, a word, *Lucilius*—
&c.

^a So the 1st f. and *C*; the re^{2d}, *creft*
for *crest*.

^b All but *C.* direct [Low March within]; and the fo's and *R.* place this direction in *Brutus's* last speech after the word *mettle*.

c Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho^d!

Bru. Stand, *c* ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?

And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content,

Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well:
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

^c In all editions but C. this entrance is directed immediately after *Lucilius's* last speech.

^d Here C. directs [to his officers, entering. Which is right enough, but not very necessary, as the reader cannot well mistake to whom the words are spoken.

^e C. omits *ho!* and directs this speech to be spoken to *bis*, that is to *Brutus's* soldiers; but he must be certainly wrong here; for *Brutus's* soldiers cannot be in this place supposed marching, but standing; and therefore the word of command, *Stand*, is to them unnecessary and absurd.

Bru. *Lucilius*, ^f do you the like; and let no man ^g
Come to our tent, till we have ^h done our conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard ⁱ our door.

[*Exeunt:*

S C E N E III.

* *Within the Tent:*

¹ Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this;
You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted ^m off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case;

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear ⁿ his comment.

Bru. ^o Let me tell you, *Cassius*, you yourself,

^f P. and all after, except C. omit
^{do.}

^g After man, C. adds *Lucilius*:

^h The second f. *dooe* for *done*.

ⁱ R. P. T. H. and W. *the* for *our*.

^m In the fo's, R. and P. the scene
does not change, but the direction, *Ma-*
gent Brutus and Cassius, is given; which
is contrary to what we read in the fore-
going scene, *Then in my tent*, &c.

¹ In T. H. W. and J. it is *Re-enter*,
which is improper where the scene
changes; to *re-enter* signifies to come
again into the same place, which they
do not; but go from the outside to the
inside of the tent.

ⁿ So the fo's, R.'s octavo, T. and J.;
the rest, *of* for *off*.

^o P. and all after but C. *its* for *be*.

^o Before *let* P. T. H. and W. insert
Tet; C. *And.*

Are

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. ^p I an itching palm ?
You know that you are *Brutus* that ⁱ speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide ^t his head.

Cas. Chastisement ?

Bru. Remember *March*, the ides of *March* remember :
Did not great *Julius* bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and ^s bay the moon,
Than such a *Roman*.

Cas. *Brutus*, ^t bay not me,
I 'll not endure it : you forget yourself

^p R.'s octavo, *Ay* for *I*.

^q The fo's and R. speaks for speak.

^r P. T. H. W. and J. read *its* for *bis*.
This is worse than modernizing; it is
turning poetry into prose; for chastise-
ment, having a *bead*, must certainly be
here personified ; and therefore *bis*, even

among the moderns, is more proper than
its.

^s The three last fo's and R. *bait* for
bay.

^t The fo's, R. P. H. and J. *bait* for
bays.

To hedge me in; I am a soldier, " I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, " *Cætius*.

Cæf. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cæf. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cæf. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cæf. O * ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? Ay, more; Fret till your proud heart break;
Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I * budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,

^a Q. Whether we should not read *ay for I*? The old editions make no difference in these two words, always, as far as I remember, reading *I* for *ay*; it is therefore the sense only which must direct us to the word the author meant in any passage; and in this, to me it seems doubtful.

^b The fo's and all after, except H. put no comma between *not* and *Cætius*, making it the nominative case after the verb, which method of pointing W. defends, and explains the passage thus, *Yez boudges*.

are no longer that brave, disinterficed, pli-
lisepbic Cætius, whose character was made
up of honour and patriotism; but are sunk
down to the impotency and corruption of
the times. But, if this be the meaning,
Cætius does not understand it, for he re-
plies *I am*; i. e. I am *Cætius*; if he
had understood it, and meant to deny

Brutus's charge, he should have said, *I
am what I was*, or something like it.

^x P. and all after, except C, omit *ye*.

^y The 1st f. *bouge*; the 2d and 3d,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 * Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
 When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
 Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me, every way you wrong me, *Brutus*;
 I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
 Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
 I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
 There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your threats;
 For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
 That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
 Which I respect not. I did fend to you
 For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;
 For I can raise no money by vile means:
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

* R. and all after, except C. Tho' for Thought.

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
 By any ^a indirection. I did send,
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?
 Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
 When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-bolts,
 Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool,
 That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my ^b heart.
 A friend should bear ^c his friend's infirmities,
 But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. ^d Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
 As huge as high *Olympus*.

^a P. reads *indirection* for *indirection*.

^b The 1st and 2d fo's, *hart* for *heart*.

^c R. and all after, except C. *a* for *bis*.

^d All but H. and W, read *till* for *fill*.

H. reads, *will you practise that on me?*

W. reads as in the text, and gives the following note.

Bru. *I do not, till you practise them on me.* But was this talking like *Brutus*?

Cassius complained that his friend made his infirmities greater than they were.

To which *Brutus* replies, not *till* those infirmities were injuriously turned upon me. But was this any excuse for aggravating his friend's failings? *Shakespeare* knew better what was fit for his hero to say, and certainly wrote and pointed the line thus,

I do not. Still you practise them on me.

i. e. I deny your charge, and this is a fresh injury done me.

Cas.

Cas. Come, *Antony*, and young *Oælius*, come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on *Cætius*,
 For *Cætius* is a-weary of the world;
 Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
 Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart
 Dearer than ^c *Plutus'* mine, richer than gold:
^f If that thou beest a *Roman*, take it forth;
 I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
 Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar*; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst *Cætius*.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O *Cætius*, you are yoked with a ^g lamb,
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,
 Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath *Cætius* liv'd
 To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

^c The fo's and R. read *Pluto's* for *Plu-* *Roman's*, &c.
^g P. reads *man* for *lamb*.

^f W. reads, *If that thou need'st a*

Bru. And my heart too.

[^h Embracing.]

Cas. O Brutus—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have ⁱ not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Cassius*; and ^k from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[^l A noise within.]

^m *Poet.* [ⁿ within] Let me go in, to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [^o at the door] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [^p within] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter *Poet.*

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be:
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! How ^q vilely ^r doth this cynick rhyme!

* This direction not in the fo's or C. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*; but preserve it in the margin.

^s P. & duodecimo, T. W. J. and C., yes not for not yeu.

ⁿ T. first puts [within.]

^t C. omits from. ^o [at the door] put by C.—T. W. and J. [within.] The other editions have no direction.

^l This direction first put in by T.—The fo's make the poet to enter here; so does R. who adds *Lucius* and *Titinius*.

^p [within] first put in by T.

^m P. and H. in their text omit all from this place to the entrance of

^q The 1st and 2d f. wildly; 3d, wildly.

^r C. does for deb.

Bru. Get you hence, firrah; saucy fellow, hence,

Cas. Bear with him, *Brutus*; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I 'll know his humour, when he knows his time: What should the wars do with these ' jingling fools? — Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit Poet.*

^t Enter *Lucilius*, and *Titinius*.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring *Messala* with you Immediately to us. [^u *Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine. [^w *Exit Lucius.*

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use, If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better — ^x *Portia* is dead.

Cas. Ha! *Portia*?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I crost you so? — O insupportable and touching loss! — Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence; And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony* Have made themselves so strong: For with her death

^s The fo's and R. jiggling for jing-
king.

^t The entrance of *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, not mentioned in the fo's.

^u This direction not in the fo's.

^w This direction first given by *C.*

^x P. and all after except *C.* *Portia's*, dead for *Portia is dead*,

That tidings came; with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter y Lucius with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius.* [drinks.]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* love. [^z drinks.]

^z Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Bru. Come in, *Titinius*; welcome, good *Messala*.
Now fit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. ^b *Portia!* art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have ^c here received letters,
That young *Oetavious*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition ^d toward *Philippi*.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same ^e tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

^y All but *H.* and *C.* *Eoy* for *Lu-*
cins.

^b *P.* and all after except *C.* read, *Ob*
Portia! &c.

^z This direction first given by *C.*

^c *P.*'s duodecimo omits *here*.

^a In *T. W.* and *J.* *Titinius* and *Mef-*
ala do not enter till after the first line
of *Brutus's* following speech. Here be-
gins the fifth scene in *P. H. W.* and *J.*

^d *C.* towards for toward.

^e The *fo*'s, *R.* and *P.* tenure for *te-*
nour.

Mef. That, by proscription, and bills of ^f outlawry,
Oetavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
 Have put to death ^g an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
 Mine speak of seventy senators, that dy'd
 By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Caf. *Cicero* one?

Mef. ^h *Cicero* is dead,
 And ⁱ by that order of proscription.
 Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, *Messala*.

Mef. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, *Messala*.

Mef. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you ought of her in yours?

Mef. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.

Mef. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell;
 For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, *Portia*.—We must die, *Messala*.
 With meditating that she must die once,
 I have the patience to endure it now.

Mef. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Caf. I have as much of this in art as you,
 But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
 Of marching to *Philippi* presently?

Caf. I do not think it good,

Bru. Your reason?

^f The 1st f. *outlarie*; the 2d and 3d, ^h C. inserts *Ay* before *Cicero*.
outlary for outlawry.

^g C. *e* for *an*.

ⁱ C. *that by for by that*.

Cas. This it is :

'Tis better that the enemy seek us ;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness. !

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people, 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;
For they have grudg'd us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother —

Bru. Under your pardon — You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe ;
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or ^x lose our ventures.

^x The fo's, *lose* for *lose*.

Cas.

Cas. Then, with our will, go on;
We'll^m along ourselves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity;
 Which we will niggard with a little rest,
 There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night.
 Early to-morrowⁿ will we rise, and hence^o.

Bru. *Lucius*, my gown. ^p[Exit *Luc.*] Farewel, good
Messala:

Good night, *Titinius*: Noble, noble *Cassius*,
 Good night, and good repose,

Cas. O my dear brother
 This was an ill beginning of the night:
 Never^q come such division 'tween our souls!
 Let it not, *Brutus*^r.

^s*Bru.* Every thing is well,

^t*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

^l R. and all after except C. *we will* for *we'll*.

^m C. *on* for *along*.

ⁿ R. P. and H. *we will* for *will we*.

^o Here the fo's, and all after but C. direct *Lucius* to enter; but *Lucius* had not made his exit, since he brought the wine.

^P The fo's, R. P. T. W. and J. omit this direction; yet, afterwards, make *Lucius* enter with the gown,

^q R.'s octavo, *came* for *comes*.

^r Here *Lucius* enters with the gown, in all editions but C. Now, though it

may be thought immaterial, with regard to the play itself, at which of the two places *Lucius* enters; yet in the exhibition of it, it is a matter of some consequence. At every fresh entrance, the attention of the audience is drawn upon the person entering, and diverted from what ever business is passing on the stage besides. So that no person should enter till he is wanted.

^s P. and all after except C. omit the two following speeches, without giving any notice thereof.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farewel, every one. [Exeunt *Cas.* *Tit.* *Mes.*
Enter *Lucius*, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee ² not; thou art o'er-watch'd;

Call ³ *Claudius*, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. * *Varro* and ⁴ *Claudius*!

Enter ⁴ *Varro* and ⁴ *Claudius*.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lye in my tent, and sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by

On busines to my brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lye down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

[^w *Var.* and *Clau.* retire,
Look, *Lucius*, here's the book I fought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
* Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

² The 2d f. art for net; the 3d and
4th omit not.

³ The fo's, *Claudius* for *Claudius*, and
Varrus for *Varro*.

* No direction before C. who directs,

[*Servants* retire and sleep.]

^x The three last fo's,

Canst thou hold up thy instrument a strain
or two,

And touch thy heavy eyes awhile.

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, fir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;

I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;

I will not hold thee long. If I do live,

I will be good to thee. [Musick and a song : ^{y toward the} end, *Lucius falls asleep.*

This is a sleepy tune — O murderous ^z flumber,

Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee musick ? — Gentle knave, good night.

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee ;

If thou dost nod, thou break'ſt thy instrument ;

I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.

[^a Lays the instrument by, and sits down to read.

^b Let me see, let me see ; Is not the leaf turn'd down,

Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think ^c.

^d Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns ! — Ha ! who comes here ?

I think it is the weakness of mine eys,

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me : — Art thou any thing ?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

^y The following part of this direction put in by C.

^b P. and all after except C. read, But let me see, is not, &c.

^z The two first fo's, flumber for flum- ber.

^c Here R. and all after except C. di- rect [He sits down to read.

^a No direction in this place in any of the editions before C. who directs [Lays the instrument by and sits down.

^d Here begins Scene 7 in P. H. W. and J.

That

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghoſt. Thy evil spirit, *Brutus.*

Bru. Why com'st thou ?

Ghoſt. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at *Philippi.*

Bru. Well ; then I shall see thee again ?

Ghoſt. Ay, at *Philippi.*

[^f vanishes.]

Bru. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then.

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest :

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy, *Lucius* ! & *Varro* ! & *Claudius* ! Sirs, awake !

& *Claudius* !

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he ^b ſtill is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord ⁱ ?

Bru. Didſt thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou ſo cry'dſt out ?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didſt : Didſt thou ſee any thing ?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*.—Sirrah, & *Claudius* !

Fellow ^k thou ! awake !

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, ſirs, in your ſleep ?

Var. *Clau.* Did we, my lord ?

^e P. and all after except C. omit
W. *H.*

^f No direction in the fo's.—R. and
all after except C. direct [Exit *ghoſt*.]

^g The fo's, *Varrus* for *Varro*, and
Claudig for *Claudius*.

^h The 4th f. R.'s octavo, T.'s duodecimo, *W.* and *J.* is ſtill for ſtill it.

ⁱ Here C. directs [waking.]

^k T. H. and W. *Varro* for *thou*; this

is *W.*'s emendation.

Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother *Cassius*;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

{*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

¹ Plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

OCT. **N**OW, Antony, our hopes are answered :
 You said, the enemy would not come down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions ;
 It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
 They mean to ^m warn us at *Philippi* here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

ANT. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it : they could be content
 To visit other places ; and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

MES. Prepare, you generals ;
 The enemy comes on in gallant shew ;

¹ No description of the scene in the fields of Philippi, with the two camps.
 fo's.—R. and all after except C. the ^m H. wage for warn.

Their

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And ^a something to be done immediately.

Ant. *Octavius*, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the ^o even field.

Oet. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oet. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [March.

* *Drum.* Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; ^q Lucius, Titinius, Messala, and others, attending.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius, we must out and talk.

Oet. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oet. Stir not until the signal. [to his troops.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oet. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, *Octavius*.

Ant. In your bad strokes, *Brutus*, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in *Cæsar's* heart,

Crying, Long live! hail, *Cæsar*!

Cas. *Antony*,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, ^s they rob the *Hybla* bees,

And leave them honeyless.

^a H. something's for something; but scene begins.

the verb is in the foregoing line is here understood. ^q The following part of the direction added by C.

^o The 4th f. *evil* for *even*.

^p In P. H. W. and J. here the 2d

^r This direction first put in by C.

^s C. *you* for *they*.

Ant. Not stingleſſ too.

Bru. ^w O yes, and ſoundleſſ too ;
For you have ſtolen their buzzing, *Antony*,
And, very wiſely, threat before you ſting.

Ant. Villains, you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
^x Hack'd one another in the ſides of *Cæſar* :
You ſhew'd your ^x teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondinen, kissing *Cæſar's* feet ;
Whilſt damned *Cæſca*, like a cur, behind,
Struck *Cæſar* on the neck. O ^y you flatterers !

Caf. Flatterers ?—Now, *Brutus*, thank yourſelf ;
This tongue had not offend'd ſo to-day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.

OEt. Come, come, the cauſe : If arguing make us ^z ſweat.
The proof of it will turn to redder drops,
^z Look, I draw a ſword againſt conſpirators ;
When think you that the ſword goes up again ?
Never till *Cæſar's* ^b three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd ; or till another *Cæſar*
Have added slaughter to the ſword of traitors.

Bru. *Cæſar*, thou canſt not dye by traitors' hands,
Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.

OEt. So I hope ;
I was not born to dye on *Brutus'* ſword.

^w In P. and H. *Brutus* ſays only, *You threat before you ſting*, the reſt of the ſpeech being degraded to the margin.

^y P. and all after omit *you*.

^z The fo's, ſweat for ſweat.

^x The 1ſt and 2d fo's, teethes for teeth.

^a P. and all after except G. Bebold for *Look*.

^b All before T. three and thirty for three and twenty.

Bru. O if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not dye more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, ^c worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old *Cassius* still.

O&T. Come, *Antony*, away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and Army.*

^d *Cas.* Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and swim,
bark :

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. ^e Ho, *Lucilius*, hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord. [^f *Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*

Cas. *Messala*. [^g *Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*

Mef. What says my general ?

Cas. *Messala*,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala* :

Be thou my witness, that against my will,

As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to fet

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,

And his opinion : now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

^e The first f. *wortbles*; the other fo's,
wortbles for wortbles.

^d Here begins scene the third, in P.
H. W. and J.

^c P. and all after omit *Ho.*

^f C. omits this direction.

^g This direction first put in by R.
which C. alters to [they converse apart.]

Coming from *Sardis*, on our ^g former ensign
 Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
 Who to *Philippi* here consorted us :
 This morning are they fled away, and gone ;
 And in their ^h steads do ⁱ ravens, crows, and kites,
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give ^k up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly ;
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
 To meet all ^l perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, ^m *Lucilius*.

Cas. Now, most noble *Brutus*,
 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
 Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age !
 But since the affairs of men ⁿ rest still ^o uncertain,

^g So the fo's and *C*; the rest; *fore-*
most for *former*; but there was no need
 of this alteration; for though we now
 mostly use *foremost* when we speak of
 place, yet, even at this time, *former* is
 equall'y proper whether applied to *time* or
place.

^h The 1st and 2d fo's, *steeds* for *steads*.

ⁱ *W.* reads *ravenous* for *ravens*; for,
 he says, "a raven and a crow is the
 same bird of prey: the first name ta-
 ken from its nature; the other from,

"its voice." If this be true, the altera-
 tion seems necessary; but naturalists tell
 us that they are birds of different kind.

^k *P. T. H.* and *W.* omit *up*. But
 to give *the ghost* is scarcely English; at
 least I don't recollect to have met with
 the phrase without *up*.

^l So the firſt f. and *C*; the rest, *peril*
 for *perils*.

^m *R. Lucius* for *Lucilius*.

ⁿ The fo's, *reſts* for *reſt*.

^o All but *C.* *incertain* for *uncertain*.

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together :
 What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
 By which I did blame *Cato* for the death
 Which he did give himself. I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The ^q time of life ; ^t arming myself with patience,
 To stay the providence of some high powers,
 That govern us below.

Caf. Then, if we ^s lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph,
 Thorough the ^u streets of *Rome* ?

Bru. No, *Cassius*, no : think not, thou noble *Roman*,
 That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome* ;

⁷ The 2d f. *Be* for *By*.

^q C. term for time.

^r *W.* says, " It is evident that be-
 tween these words and the foregoing,
 a sentence is dropped out to this effect
 [on the contrary true courage is seen in
 the] arming myself with patience, &c.
 As the text stands at present, the two
 different sentiments of *dislike* and *ap-
 probation* are run together, as parts re-
 lated to one another." *W.*

^s In order to make the construction
 plain, without supposing any thing lost,
 includes (*I know not how*, &c. to *the time
 of life*) in a parenthesis ; but this is
 hard construction, for hereby he makes
 the participle *arming* to agree with the

pronoun *I* in the words, *I am deter-
 mined to do* (or *a&t;*) understood at the
 beginning of the speech ; unless he
 makes it agree with *I*, in *By which
 did blame Cato, &c.* and then it will be
*By which I (arming myself with patience,
 &c.) did blame Cato, &c.* but this cannot
 be the meaning of the passage. The con-
 struction is very easy, if we only make
arming to agree with *I*, in *But I do find
 it* ; &c.

^t The 1st and 2d fo's, *loose* for *lose*.

^u The 1st and 2d fo's read *Thoroow* ;
 the 3d and 4th and R, *Through* ; P. (not
 finding *Through* to measure) alters it to
Along, followed by H.

^v R.'s duodecimo; *street* for *streets*.

He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 Must end that work ^w the ides of *March* begun :
 And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take :
 For ever and for ever, farewell, *Cæsarius* !
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
 If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever, farewell, *Brutus* !
 If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed ;
 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O that a man might know
 The end of this day's busines, ere it come !
 But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
 And then the end is known. Come, ho ! away ! [Exeunt.

* S C E N E II.

y *The Field of Battle.*

Alarums, ^z as of a Battle join'd. Enter Brutus, and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Messala*, ride, and give these bills
 Unto the legions on the other side : [^a Loud alarum.]
 Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
 But cold demeanour in ^b *Octavius'* wing ;
 c And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, *Messala* ; let them all come down. [Exeunt.]

w The three last fo's, that for the.

a C. omits this direction.

x In P. H. W. and J. this is scene 4.

b The fo's and R. *Octavio's* for *Octa-*

y This description of the scene put in *vius'*.

by L.

c For And H. reads One ; W. and J.

z As of a battle join'd, put in by C.

A.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

^a Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius, and Titinius.

Cas. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly !
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early ;
Who, having some advantage on *Oetavius*,
Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by *Antony* ^c are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :
Fly therefore, noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, *Titinius* ;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. *Titinius*, if thou ^f lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether ^g yond troops are friend or enemy.

^a This description of the scene put in *Care*.
by *C.*

^f The fo's and R. *lov'ſt* for *lov'ſt*.

^c *P.* and all after except *C.* were for ^g *C.* *yon'* for *yond*.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit.]

Cas. Go, *Pindarus*, get ^b thither on that hill ;
My sight was ever thick ; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[ⁱ *Exit Pindarus.*

This day I ^k breathed first ; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;
My life is run ^l his compass.—^m Sirrah, what news ?

Pin. [ⁿ *Appearing on the hill.*] O my lord !

Cas. What news ?

Pin. ^o *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur —
Yet he spurs on — Now they are almost on him —
Now *Titinius* — Now some light — O he lights too —
He 's ta'en — And hark, they shout for joy. [Shout.]

Cas. Come down ; behold no more.—[*Pindarus disappears.*]
O coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Enter *Pindarus.*

Come hither, sirrah :
In *Parthia* did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath.
Now be a freeman, and with this good sword

^a The first f. *P.* and all after him except *C.* read *biger* for *thither.* ^m *P.* and all after except *C.* Now for *Sirrah.*

ⁱ No editions have this direction but *H.* and *C.* ⁿ All but *H.* and *C.* direct [*above.*] they, [*within.*].

^k The 3rd and 4th fo's, *breath'd* for *breathed.* ^o Here *H.* and *C.* direct [*within.*].

^l *P.*, *T.*, *H.* and *W.* *its* for *his.* ^p This direction in no edition before.

Stand

That ran through *Cæsar's* bowels, search this bosom.
 Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the ^q hilts;
 And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
 Guide thou the sword.—*Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd,
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[^r dies.]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
 Durst I have done my will. O *Cassius*!
 Far from this country *Pindarus* shall run,
 Where never *Roman* shall take note of him.

[Exit.]

[^s Enter *Titinius*, and *Messala*.]

Mes. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
 Is overthrown by noble *Brutus'* power,
 As *Cassius'* legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsole,
 With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart!*Mes.* Is not that he?

Tit. No this was he, *Messala*,
 But *Cassius* is no more. O setting sun
 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
 So in his red blood *Cassius'* day is set;
 The ^t fun of *Rome* is set! Our day is gone;
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
 Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

^q P. and all after but *C.* bilt for
Lilts.

^s Here begins scene 5 in *P. H. W.*
 and *J.*

^r No direiction in the first f; the other
 fo's direct Kill's him; *R.*, and all after,
 except *C.* Kill's himself.

^t The 1st f. *sunne*; the 2d, *sonne*;

the 3d and 4th and *R.*'s octavo, *sun*.

Mef. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
 O hateful error, melancholy's child,
 Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not? "O error, soon conceiv'd,
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee,

Tit. * What, *Pindarus*! Where art thou, *Pindarus*?

Mef. Seek him, *Titinius*; whilst I go to meet
 The noble *Erutus*, thrusting this report
 Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
 For piercing steel, and darts invenomed,
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
 As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you, *Messala*;
 And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while. [Exit *Messala*.
 Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Caius*?
 Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
 Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
 Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
 And see how I regarded *Caius Caius*.—
 By your leave, gods—This is a *Roman's* part
 Come, *Caius*' sword, and find *Titinius'* heart.

[y Stabs himself, and dies.]

* P. and all after except J. omit O. rection.

* C. Why for What. y Stabs himself, and, omitted in the

* The fo's and R. have not this di- fo's and G.

^a Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his body lye?

Mef. Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius'* face is upward,

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet;
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails ^a.

Cato. Brave *Titinius*!

Look ^b, whe'r he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*!

Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these?—

^c Thou last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe ^d more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time.—
Come therefore, and to ^e *Thassos* send his body,
His ^f funeral shall not be in our camp,

^a All but *C.* before the entrance direct *Alarum*, which is improper here.

^b Here all but *C.* direct *Lew Alarms*.

^c The fo's and *R.* read *wbere*; *P.* and all after except *C.* if for *wbe'r*; *wbe'r* is *C.*'s emendation, *wbether* contracted.

^c The fo's, *The* for *Thou*.

^d The 1st and 2d fo's, *mo*; the 3d and 4th, *moe* for *more*.

^e The fo's, *R.* and *P.* for *Thassos* read *Tharsus*. *T.* says, "The whole tenor of history warrants us to write, as I have

" restored the text, *Thassos*.—*Tharsus*

" was a town of *Cilicia*, in *Asia Minor*:

" and is it probable, *Brutus* could think

" of sending *Cassius*'s body thither out of

" *Tbrace*, where they were now in-

" camp'd? *Thassos*, on the contrary,

" was a little isle lying close upon

" *Tbrace*, and at but a small distance

" from *Philippi*, to which the body

" might very commodiously be trans-

" ported. Vid. *Plutarch*, *Appian*, *Dion*

" *Cassius*, &c." *T.*

^f All before *P.* funerals for funeral.

Left it discomfort us. *Lycilius*, come;
 And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field;
^a *Labeo* and ^b *Flavius*, set our battles on.
 'Tis three o'clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

^c Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter, ^d fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then Brutus, ^e Messala, Cato, Lucilius, and Flavius.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not?—Who will go with me?
 I will proclaim my name about the field—
 I am the son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
 I am the son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

[^f charges the retiring enemy.]

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for *Brutus*.

[^g charges them in another part, and exit, driving them in.
 The party charged by Cato rally, and Cato falls.

^g The fo's, *R. P.* and *T.*'s octavo, *Labo* for *Labeo*.

^h The 1st f. *Flavio* for *Flavius*.

ⁱ This scene ^j. in *P. H. W.* and *J.*

^k The fo's and *R.* have no description of the scene; *B.* and all after except *G.* describe it, *The field of battle*.

^l The words, *fighting, Soldiers of both*

Armies; then, not in any edition before *C.*

^m *C.* omits *Messala* and *Flavius* out of this entrance; and, after *Lucilius*, adds, and *Others*.

ⁿ All but *C.* direct, *Enter Soldiers and fight*.

^o No direction in the fo's: All else but *C.* direct only, *Exit*.

Lucil.

Lucil. O young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?

Why, now thou dyest as bravely as *Titinius*;
And may'st be honoured, being *Cato's* son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou dyest.

Lucil. ^p Only I yield to dye:

^q There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;

[^r Offering money.]

^s Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not ^t—A noble prisoner ^u!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell ^w the news—Here comes the general—

Enter *Antony*.

Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he? [^x they show *Lucilius*.]

Lucil. Safe, *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no enemy

^p H. reads *I only* for *Only I*.

^q W. supposes something lost before this line, and that as it stands it is unintelligible: therefore thinks it appears probable, that when *Lucilius* had said, *Only I yield to die*; the soldier, by a very natural curiosity, pertinently demanded, *Whether there was yet much resistance on the part of the enemy?* To which *Lucilius*, who had a mind to die, as pertinently answer'd,

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight; i. e. so much resistance still on foot, that thou wilt choose to rid me out of the way, that thou mayst go, without the embarrass of prisoners, to the af-

fiance of thy friends who still want it.
W.

To which *Heath* answers, that the sense is plain enough, without supposing any thing lost, viz. There is so much money for thee, on condition that thou wilt kill me straight. *Heath* in loc.

^r This direction put in by *J.*

^s *Lucilius* here pretends that he is *Brutus*, as a farther inducement to the soldier to kill him.

^t After *not* *C.* inserts *sir*.

^u All but *C.* direct *Antony* to enter here.

^w The fo's, R. and P.'s quarto, *there for the*.

^x This direction first given by *C.*

Shall

Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*:
 The gods defend him from so great a shame!
 When you do find him, ^y or alive, or dead,
 He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend; but, I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness: I had rather have
 Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
 And see ^z whe'er *Brutus* be alive or dead:
 And bring us ^a word unto *Oenavus'* tent,
 How every thing is chanc'd.

[Exeunt.]

^b S C E N E V.

^c Another Part of the Field.

Enter *Brutus*, *Dardanius*, *Clitus*, *Strato*, and *Volumnius*.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. *Statilius* shew'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
 He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*: Slaying is the word;
 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee. *Clitus*. [^d whispering.]

Cli. What I, my lord? No not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

^y *W.* omits *w.*

^z The fo's and *R.* read *wbere*; *P.* and all after except *C.* if for *wbe'r.*

^a The three last fo's omit *word*.

^b This scene 8 in *P. H. W.* and *J.*

^c No description of scene in the fo's or *R.*

^d This direction first given by *R.*

Cli,

Cli. I 'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius*. [e whispering.

Dar. f Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O *Dardanius*.

Dar. O *Cütus*!

Cli. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*: look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, lift a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, *Volumnius*:

The ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at *Sardis* once,
And this last night here in *Philippi*-fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.
Thou seest the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [g low alarums.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I h pr'ythee,
Hold thou my i sword's hilt, k whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarums still,

e No direction here before C.

i The 1st and 2d fo's, sword bilt for

f P. and all after omit Shall.

sword's bilt.

g P. and all after except C. omit low.

k The two last fo's, and all after ex-

h C. pray thee for pr'ythee; it is pre-
tber in the fo's and R.

cept C. while for whilf.

Cli.

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you—and you—and you, *Volumnius*—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewel to thee too, *Strato*—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet ² in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this ^a losing day,

More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,

By this vile conquest, shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for *Brutus*' tongue

Hath almost ended his ^b life's history:

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

Alarums. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly!

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow ^c. [^d *Exeunt Cli. Dar. and Vol.*
I pr'ythee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some sinatch of honour ^e in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato*—*Cæsar*, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[^f runs on his sword, and dies]

^y All before T. read, Farewel to thee,
[#] Strato, &c.

^c After follow P. and all after add
thee.

^z The three last fo's omit in.

^d This direction first given by C.

^a The fo's, losing for losing.

^e P. and all after except C. in't for

^b The fo's, lives for life's.

in it.

^f The fo's direct only, dies.

Alarums.

Alarums. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army, Lucilius, and Messala.

Oet. What man is that?

Mef. My master's man. *Straio,* where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Messala;*
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

For *Brutus* only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee, *Brutus,*
That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius'* saying true.

Oet. All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Oet. Do so, ^g good *Messala*.

Mef. How dy'd my ^h master, *Straio*?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mef. *Oetavius*, ⁱ then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest *Roman* of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did, in envy of great *Cæsar*;
He only in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man.

^g C. omits *good*.

read *lord* for *master*.

^h So the 1st f. and C; the 2^d f. omits ⁱ H. reads *take him then* for *then take*
master; the 3^d and all the other editions *him*.

O^r. According to his virtuē let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lye,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let 's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.





